The Relief Society Magazine

41 NO 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 1954

Old-Fashioned Chicken Dinner

made with SEGO MILK

Mary Lee Taylor's Husband Tested Recipe

1. You'll need a 2½ lb. chicken, cut into pieces, to serve four. Pour 1½ cups Sego Evaporated Milk into a bowl and dip each piece of chicken into it. Save the milk that's left for gravy. There should be 1 cup; if not, add more milk.
2. Roll each piece of chicken in a mixture of ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper.
3. Brown chicken slowly in a skillet in ¼ inch hot fat about 30 minutes, or until drumstick is tender when pierced with a fork.
4. Remove chicken (keep hot). Drain fat from skillet, then put 2 tablespoons fat back into skillet. Mix in 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, few grains pepper. Stir in 1 cup water. Boil and stir for two minutes.
5. Stir in the 1 cup of saved milk and heat till steaming hot, but do not boil. Serve the hot gravy with the fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and whole kernel corn for a real American chicken dinner.

Meal That Makes Lips Smack!

Crisp, golden-brown chicken that's tender clear through . . . when you dip it in Sego Milk before frying. The gravy's always rich and creamy smooth because Sego Milk is twice as rich as ordinary bottled milk.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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From Near and Far

Like so many others, I, too, read the *Magazine* from cover to cover. For one year now, the length of time that I have been a member of the Church, I have anxiously scanned the pages hoping to find a familiar name, Elsie Mae Sturkie Strong. Twelve years ago she showed me how a Latter-day Saint girl lives and thinks. She made it possible for my oldest boy to be blessed as an infant. The years have passed, and our paths have not crossed again, but I've never forgotten her or the example she set for me. I think she would be happy to know that we are now members ourselves and that blessed baby is a faithful member of the Priesthood. The stories in *The Relief Society Magazine* are the most moving I have ever read. Seldom do I complete one without a lump in my throat and a thankfulness in my heart for this type of inspiring literature. "The Way," by Ruth Moody Ostegar (July 1954) is particularly moving and inspiring for all mothers trying to rear their children worthy enough to be called on missions. The lesson department is excellent and, as a social science teacher, I spend hours studying each lesson. The selections for the cover and the frontispiece are always worthy of the contents inside.

—Elizabeth G. Towner

Warrington, Florida

Even though we are so far away here on this tiny island, *The Relief Society Magazine* helps to keep us in touch with home. We have a very active Relief Society group in this wonderful branch. We average ten to fourteen women to our meetings. Even though transportation and a family of little ones make a problem in attending meeting, the wonderful spirit that dwells in our meetings compensates for our efforts. May the Lord bless you dear sisters in your work that reaches the hearts of so many women in all parts of the world.

—Jean H. Hall

President, Guam Branch
Relief Society

We are continually receiving testimonies of the great worth of the wonderful *Magazine*, which is not only a guide to our Relief Society lessons, but is also a spiritual guide to us as mothers in our homes rearing our families.

—Vera Hales

Great Neck, New York

I love *The Relief Society Magazine* and have subscribed for it for thirty years, with the exception of one year.

—Dora Toone Brough

Tremonton, Utah

We here think that *The Relief Society Magazine* is one of the most interesting and wonderful magazines that can be had. We are all servicemen's wives, and the *Magazine* always brings a little bit of home to us.

—Mrs. Gaylene A. Glaefke

Kindley Air Force Base
Bermuda

I have enjoyed the *Magazine* very much, and I can see where it does much good in our missionary work. There are a few of the English-speaking sisters here in Finland who take the *Magazine*, and they have received a great deal therefrom. It is a wonderful thing to see light and truth come into the world.

—Elder James D. Martin

Jakobstad, Finland

We enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* and look forward to the next copy each month. I have never enjoyed a story more than Sister Alice Morrey Bailey's "The Deeper Melody." All my friends were sorry when it was concluded. Do you think it would be possible to get this lovely talented writer to go on and give us another chapter or two, a sequel? Seems like everyone would just love to hear more about this happy little family and those adorable little children. Tell Sister Bailey we will all take the *Magazine* forever.

—Mrs. Hattie Gibby

Roy, Utah

Fruits of Freedom

To the Framers of the Constitution

Alberta H. Christensen

The land prepared, you placed the priceless seed
Of liberty in worded furrows, deep
And straight, for steady growth of root and limb;
Guided the springs of agency and will,
With implements of phrase not used before,
Into a channeled flow to quench the thirst
Of seedlings growing sunward uncoerced.

You paragraphed an arbor of defense
To stay destroying winds of tyranny,
And thwart encroaching weeds of avarice,
Shielding the uncurled leaf until the bloom
Of scattered petals, blown to many lands,
Lifts to new courage hearts that are bowed and torn,
Minds that are will-less, bondaged, and forlorn.

How full of faith and, oh, how wise you were,
To guard the golden fruitage of the trees
For children and their children not yet born,
To hold inherent rights inviolate,
To keep man sovereign, humble and yet free,
That he might stand within the cooling shade
And eat the fruits of freedom—unafraid!

The Cover: Navajo Tower, on the South Rim of Grand Canyon, Arizona
Photograph by Willard Luce
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

1. Washington, George ..... Va.
2. Franklin, Benjamin ..... Pa.
3. Madison, James ..... Va.
4. Hamilton, Alexander ..... N.Y.
5. Morris, Gouverneur ..... Pa.
6. Morris, Robert ..... Pa.
7. Wilson, James ..... Pa.
8. Pinckney, Charles C. ..... S.C.
9. Pinckney, Charles ..... S.C.
10. Rutledge, John ..... S.C.
11. Butler, Pierce ..... S.C.
12. Sherman, Roger ..... Conn.
13. Johnson, Wm. Samuel ..... Conn.
14. McHenry, James ..... Md.
15. Read, George ..... Del.
16. Bassett, Richard ..... Del.
17. Spaight, Richard D. ..... N.C.
18. Blount, William ..... N.C.
19. Williamson, Hugh ..... N.C.
20. Jenifer, Daniel ..... Md.
21. King, Rufus ..... Mass.
22. Gorham, Nathaniel ..... Mass.
23. Dayton, Jonathan ..... N.J.
24. Carroll, Daniel ..... Md.
25. Few, William ..... Ga.
26. Baldwin, Abraham ..... Ga.
27. Langdon, John ..... N.H.
28. Gilman, Nicholas ..... N.H.
29. Livingston, William ..... N.J.
30. Paterson, William ..... N.J.
31. Mifflin, Thomas ..... Pa.
32. Clymer, George ..... Pa.
33. Fitzsimons, Thomas ..... Pa.
34. Ingersoll, Jared ..... Pa.
35. Bedford, Gunning, Jr. ..... Del.
36. Brearley, David ..... N.J.
37. Dickinson, John ..... Del.
38. Blair, John ..... Va.
39. Broom, Jacob ..... Del.
40. Jackson, William ..... S.C.

The photograph on the opposite page is from a painting, "The Signing of the Constitution," by Howard Chandler Christy. The original of this painting hangs above the main staircase on the House side of the Capitol in Washington, D. C. It is public property of the United States of America and was authorized by a joint resolution of Congress, April 20, 1939.

The Constitution of the United States—"A Heavenly Banner"

Elder Hugh B. Brown
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D. & C. 101:79-80).

NO item of inspiration is held more sacred by the Latter-day Saints than the Constitution of the United States. Our statement that the Lord inspired the authors of the Constitution does not mean to imply that this document came as a direct revelation from God. It is an inspired Charter of Liberty, written after a long series of events and centuries of struggle by freedom-loving men.

We believe the Lord overruled events in the affairs of nations down through the ages, that he inspired the hardy men who, in 1215, forced King John to give them the Magna Charta, the "great charter" of personal liberty. And, again, in 1628 when members of the British Parliament forced Charles I to sign the Petition of Right which was approved, in 1869, by William and Mary.

We believe that he was at the controls when, in 1787, the delegates to the Constitutional Convention sensed the importance of their task and determined the form of government under which they and their posterity should live; ". . . a standard," as Washington said, "to which the wise and the honest can repair"; that Gouverneur Morris was inspired when he said, "The whole human race will be affected by the proceedings of this Convention."

When ascribing, then, to our Heavenly Father the inspiration which led the founding fathers to formulate and adopt the Constitution, we mean to include the solid foundation upon which this Constitution was built. This foundation was laid by courageous men, block by block through the centuries, as they fought and died for liberty.

Inasmuch as *The Relief Society Magazine* is published for the benefit of members of the Church in all countries, it should be pointed out that the Constitution of the United States advocates nothing which would preclude a Latter-day Saint living outside the United States from being loyal to the laws and standards of his own land, nor does our belief that the Constitution was inspired of God imply that other freedom-loving people have not had his help in securing in their own countries such liberties as they enjoy.

Church members who live in other free countries join us in thanking him for freedom: in England, although they have no written constitution, there is great respect for law and dogged insistence on liberty; in Canada, the people are grate-

ful to God for their freedom and confederation under the British North-American Act of 1867.

We are grateful, then, not only for the Constitution of the United States as it is, but for the series of blessings from our Heavenly Father which led up to it, for the countless sacrifices which were made in preparation for it.

We venerate the memories of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the authors of the Constitution. We think of them as great patriots and inspired statesmen, but let us not forget the price they were prepared to pay for the action they were taking. This took courage of the highest order. They were revolutionaries. What they did was treason and they knew the penalty. Franklin was not jesting when he said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Benjamin Franklin drew the attention of the members of the Constitutional Convention, who seemingly could not agree, to the need for divine guidance. He said on the floor of the convention, June 28, 1787, among other things:

> I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth that God governs the affairs of man, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in sacred writings, that except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it.

Let us be reminded that all blessings which come from God carry with them responsibilities and obligations. If we are to enjoy the blessings vouchsafed by the Constitution, we must preserve it. It has been and it will continue to be attacked by foes, both foreign and domestic. Freedom is not a thing that can be won and secured at a given time and be thereby guaranteed to all future generations. We have a responsibility to protect and safeguard the Constitution, a responsibility not only to one another and to our posterity, but also to God.

THE Constitution may be weakened and eventually destroyed by:

(1) Approving laws which place in the hands of elected or appointed officials the powers which, under the Constitution, belong to the people.

(2) By such entangling alliances with other nations as will limit or curtail our own power of self-government. If by treaty or covenant or by the adoption of national policies we place in the hands of foreign countries the power to impose upon us unwise commitments or heavy obligations or to plunge us into war; if by entangling alliances, against which Washington warned so eloquently, we lose the right and the ability to make our own decisions, to formulate our own policies, and map our own national course, we thereby and to that extent vitiate the Constitution. One sentence from Washingon's farewell address indicates how clearly he saw this danger.

> Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that

foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government.

(3) The founding fathers wisely established three divisions of government and set bounds to the authority of each. If we permit either of these divisions to infringe upon or usurp the powers properly belonging to another, or if the officers responsible for the exercise of the rights of these divisions of government should abdicate or surrender their powers to others, then indeed will the Constitution be in danger.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., in a radio address over KSL, September 17, 1946, outlined the two basic judicial systems in the so-called civilized world today, the common law system and the Roman or civil law system, and in that address he warned us in the following words:

> Now, in the last years, we in America have gone a long distance towards the adoption of the Roman concepts, and the abuses against property rights and human freedom and liberties which are possible under that system. And let me say here and now, that in the whole history of the human race, from Adam until now, Tyranny has never come to live with any people with a placard on his breast bearing his name. He always comes in deep disguise, sometimes proclaiming an endowment of freedom, sometimes promising help to the unfortunate and downtrodden, not by creating something for those who do not have, but by robbing those who have. But Tyranny is always a wolf in sheep's clothing, and he always ends by devouring the whole flock, saving none.

Not only were the founding fathers wise in the various provisions they made for a federal system of government, but they seemed to have a vision of the nation's future greatness, the vastness of its area, and the complex problems which would arise between the states and the federal government, as well as among the states themselves. To forestall the awful consequences of competition, antagonism, and rival loyalties among citizens of various states, the founding fathers established distinct divisions of powers between the state and federal governments. In this complex structure it was necessary that bounds be set to authority and that the written Constitution, perfectly definite as it is, be preserved by "formidable difficulties of amendment against inconsiderate change." It became the written fundamental law of the land.

EVERY American owes allegiance to both the state and the national government, pays taxes to both, is granted certain rights and privileges under each, is subject to two sets of laws, under dual legislative, executive, and judicial departments, state and federal.

The preamble to the Constitution says it was ordained and established by the people of the United States

> . . . in order *to form a more perfect union*, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity . . . .

It is obvious, therefore, that anything which tends to destroy this perfect union, or to rob the people of their "domestic tranquility," or to interfere with "the general welfare," anything, in other words,

which tends to weaken or to tear down or to vitiate this greatest of all charters of liberty, should be guarded against, and be vigorously opposed by all who love and value liberty.

The attitude of the Church with respect to the Constitution has been set forth by each of the Presidents of the Church in turn. Some quotations will indicate the unwavering tenor of our faith in and our unflagging determination to support what Gladstone called "The most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." It is, in fact, the greatest charter of religious liberty ever written, but it must be supported by freedom-loving people who, by their actions, prove their worthiness to live under this "heavenly banner."

The Prophet Joseph Smith

In the dedicatory prayer of the Kirtland Temple, March 27, 1836, the Prophet said:

> May those principles, which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever.

And again in a letter written in Liberty Jail, he said:

> The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner.

President Brigham Young

Quoting Joseph Smith, President Young said:

> The time will come when the destiny of the nation will hang upon a single thread; and in that critical juncture, this people will step forth and save it from the threatened destruction. It will be so.

He further said:

> To accuse us of being unfriendly to the government is to accuse us of hostility to our religion, for no item of inspiration is held more sacred with us than the Constitution under which she acts.

President John Taylor

It was through and by the power of God that the fathers of this country framed the Declaration of Independence, and also that great palladium of human rights, the Constitution of the United States.

President Wilford Woodruff

The Lord inspired the men who framed the Constitution of our country, and have guarded the nation from its foundation.

President Lorenzo Snow

We trace the hand of the Almighty in framing the Constitution of our land and believe that the Lord raised up men purposely for the accomplishment of this object—raised them up and inspired them to frame the Constitution of the United States.

President Joseph F. Smith

I hope with all my soul that the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be loyal in their very hearts and souls to the principles of the Constitution of our country. From them we have derived the liberty that we enjoy. I believe that the Constitution of the United States was and still is an inspired instrument. The Lord God Almighty inspired the minds that framed it, and I believe it ought to be most sacredly preserved.

President Heber J. Grant

From my childhood days I have understood that we believe absolutely that the Constitution of our country is an inspired instrument, and that God directed those who created it and those who defended

the independence of this nation. Allow me to announce further that we are patriotic Americans to the core, and that we have learned it, many of us, at our mother's knees, where we said our prayers.-- We believe absolutely in the inspiration of God to the men who framed our Constitution.

President George Albert Smith

When our Father in Heaven inspired men to write the Constitution and give unto us the great charter that vouchsafed to us the liberty we enjoy, he did it in order that men might develop and be free, as the Gospel of Jesus Christ intends that all men shall be.

President David O. McKay

Without freedom of thought, freedom of choice, freedom of action, within lawful bounds, men cannot progress. The Lord recognized this, and also the fact that it would take men thousands of years to make the earth habitable for self-governing individuals. Throughout the ages, advanced souls have yearned for a society in which liberty and justice prevailed. Men have sought for it, fought for it, and died for it. Ancient freemen prized it, slaves longed for it, the Magna Charta demanded it, and the Constitution of the United States declared it.

In April conference, 1950, President David O. McKay said:

I repeat that no greater immediate responsibility rests upon members of the Church, upon all citizens of this Republic and of neighboring Republics than to protect the freedom vouchsafed by the Constitution of the United States . . . . To sum up this whole question: In these days of uncertainty and unrest, liberty-loving people's greatest responsibility and paramount duty is to preserve and proclaim the freedom of the individual, his relationship to Deity, and . . . the necessity of obedience to the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ—only thus will mankind find peace and happiness.

The Constitution, then, is:

(a) The world's greatest Charter of Liberty.
(b) It is our basic law.
(c) Its framers were inspired of God.
(d) The principles set out in the Constitution form a part of the overall gospel plan for the freedom and salvation of men.
(e) It must be defended, protected, and preserved for future generations.
(f) It imposes obligations and responsibilities.

Let us humbly thank the Lord for our country, for her laws and institutions. Let us pray for the men who have been chosen to guide her destinies in these crucial times. Let us strive to be worthy of our glorious heritage—to live under the banner of the Constitution of the United States of America.

Unspoken Words

Emily Carey Alleman

Curbing one's tongue
Is a twofold virtue—
Unspoken words
Cannot return and hurt you.

Victor J. Nelson

FISHER TOWERS, UTAH

Red Hills in Utah

Lydia Hall

I must go unto these vermilion hills
Often these days, and mark how bright they are
When winter's sunset points their painted sills.
I must note how the first pale summer star
Makes silver magic here. And walk in spring
Where sun-drenched dunes and rocks and knolls are gay
With paintbrush; where white sego lilies cling
And desert mallow marks a lovely way.

I must look to these hills, for well I know
The scenes of life may change relentlessly
For me, that on some morrow I may go
To where there are no cliffs that call to me;
No well-loved place where I can walk apart
And borrow sunshine for my hands and heart.

"But Where Are the Nine?"

Sylvia Probst Young

ON the outskirts of a certain village, once long ago, ten lepers waited for a certain Nazarene to come by. And when they saw the Master, they begged him to make them whole again. He bade them to go show themselves unto the priests, and as they went they were cleansed. All ten of them were cleansed, but one—only one, turned back to thank the Lord. Then Jesus said to him, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger" (Luke 17:12-19).

And where were the other nine? Oh, they were hurrying to the village, back to their loved ones. They were free of their sorrow now, free to mingle again in society. They had no time to go back to find the One who had healed them. But, surely, he would know that they were grateful.

Are we not like these nine, many of us? One of the greatest needs in this wonderful land of ours is the need of gratitude. We have come to accept and expect so much —too much.

"I wish I had been born rich," said a young man recently, "then I would be happy."

But material wealth is by no means the key to happiness. The happy person is happy because he has learned to be happy with the good things that are his and has not let greed or envy become the controlling factors of his living. For, surely, no physical disease is more destructive to the body than is envy or greed to the soul. It takes constant effort to keep them from spoiling our lives.

One of the happiest people I know is a little lady who lives in a very modest home. All around, beautiful modern homes are being constructed, but she has long since ceased trying to "keep up with the Joneses."

"They may have bigger and finer houses," she says, "but they can never own any more of the sunlight or the stars that shine in the sky than I do."

Robert Louis Stevenson once said, "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Do we remember, when we look up into a summer sky or look upon a mountain painted in all the burning colors of autumn, to say, "Thank you, Father, for eyes?" Eyes to see all the lovely things in the world—the stately beauty of a tree, the delicate daintiness of a flower, the sweetness of a little child's face.

When you hear the strains of a great organ, or the whisper of a little wave against a shore; or when the soft voice of a loved one speaks to you, do you remember to say: "Thank you, Father, for letting me hear all these wonderful things around me?"

Do we voice our gratitude for the fragrance of a rose, the clean smell of rain, the racy scent of pines? How many of us remember to

thank our Maker for the sense of smell?

"The most miraculous thing in all the world is a pair of feet," said a woman who had learned to walk again after spending long months in a wheel chair. Never before had the ability to walk seemed such a miracle. "I took it for granted before," she said.

HOW much we take for granted—because we have so much here in this wonderful land of ours. Nowhere else is there such an abundance of food and clothing, so many modern conveniences in every home—so many luxuries. And nowhere else in all the world do people enjoy the freedom that is ours. Yet, all too often, we forget to be grateful for something until it is gone.

"Thank you" is such a little phrase, but so powerful it can open the door of a human heart.

As soon as a child is able to understand he should be taught the meaning of "thank you." He should be taught to give thanks to all who contribute to his well-being—parents, teachers, community helpers, friends, and to God—first and always to God. Gratitude is a flower of careful cultivation. Plant it in a child's heart and help him keep it growing, and what an asset it will be to him all of his life!

Ours is such a busy world. We mean to write a thank-you note, but we don't get around to it. We mean to call a friend who has done us a favor, but the days go by, and it isn't done.

"But Aunt Mary knows I appreciate her gift," said a young bride a little impatiently when she was reminded that she hadn't sent a thank-you note. But could her aunt really know? How can anyone know that we appreciate what he has done or is doing for us if we, in our thoughtlessness, do not take time to express so small a phrase as "thank you"?

"Why should I thank him?" asked a woman regarding an electrician who had worked in her house all day. "He's being paid plenty." A "thank you" would have cost her nothing, and perhaps it would have paid dividends had she ever needed that man again.

"Where are the nine?" Jesus asked the one who returned to thank him. Was he surprised that only one of the ten who were cleansed returned to express his appreciation? Perhaps not. It is quite possible that he expected their indifference and ingratitude.

Are we like the nine, you and I? How much do we forget to be thankful for?

"If I were rich I would be happy," said the young man.

We barter for happiness, but not with gold. If we have the attributes of love, charity, humility, and gratitude to give, then we can make happiness our own.

New Loss

Mary Gustafson

The cedars bend low to the rush of wind,
Bend low to the sleeping child,
But never she knows of the rustled wind
Or the grief, unreconciled.

One to Tell

Frances C. Yost

THE Relief Society room was like a beehive as Marian Clegg entered. She looked around for a familiar face. Cora Meads, the president of the Relief Society, was sitting at the quilt with her back to the door and hadn't noticed Marian come in. In one corner a half dozen ladies were embroidering a set of dish towels. Another group was making little dishcloth dolls for the bazaar.

Close to the door, a group was tearing rags for carpets. They needed more help there, and Marian slipped out of her coat, dropped it on one of the chairs in the circle, and joined the rugmaking group.

Marian's job was to roll the nice long strips into balls, after they were torn and sewed together. Les, her husband, was right, it was fun to be with the ladies, and nice to be away from the children for awhile. Marian relaxed and listened to the conversation of the sisters.

Perhaps she should join the Relief Society. Marian had always thought it was for just the older women, but there were quite a few young mothers here, in fact enough to merit a nursery. Marian had noticed children playing in the adjoining room, when she came. She had let little things like children's naps keep her away. The children could easily take their naps a little earlier, and they, too, would enjoy playing in the nursery.

Marian looked up to see President Meads getting up from her quilting. She came over and welcomed Marian warmly. Then she walked around the room, visiting with each group of workers. Finally, she took her place again at the quilt.

It was much later when Marian noticed the strips of soft, thick black wool. They are almost too nice for a rug, Marian thought. She herself, would have made a pair of pants for one of the boys, or maybe a coat for Sherry. The cloth looked so familiar. It looked just like her own coat! Frantically, Marian looked over to the chair where she had carelessly laid her coat. It was gone! Her coat must have slipped from the chair and been milled around with the discarded clothing in the pile on the floor, and later torn to shreds. Marian felt hot tears scalding her eyes. What would she do now? No coat to her name and in the dead of winter!

After the sheer terror of it wore off, Marian felt a deep anger burning within her, as she looked down at the strips of her own coat which she was wrapping into balls for rugs. Imagine, her own coat torn into carpet rags! This would be one to tell. She would tell everyone what had happened to her on her first day at Relief Society. She would start telling these ladies right now.

Marian heard herself speak. Her voice was surprisingly calm, and even a bit hilarious. "Ladies, have you ever thought what a story there is to the coat you wear? Why, I remember the first ready-made coat I ever had. I was not more than three. I went with my father to town. Perhaps he was ashamed of the homemade coat I was wearing."

Marian chuckled, "Anyway he took me into a store, and bought the loveliest blue velvet coat. It had three capes. One cape which came about to my waist, and another about half as long, and the third made a little collar around the neck. How I loved that coat! Father liked it, too, I'm sure, because he often lifted the cape up over my head and said, 'peek-a-boo.' "

Marian stopped. All the women in the rug group were listening. They were enjoying her story. "I remember another coat I had," Marian continued. "This one was made for me by my older sister. It was made of nice brown wool, and it had the prettiest tan fox collar. I was thrilled each time she fitted it on me. Sis did a real good job of it, too, except for one thing, she didn't make any lapels. The silk lining went right to the edges of the coat. Buttoned up, the coat looked really ready-made, but I was deeply mortified when it was opened at the front and the silk lining showed. So," Marian laughed softly, "even on hot days, I wore the coat buttoned right up to my chin."

MARIAN looked around. The women in the dishcloth doll group had moved their chairs closer so that they could hear her coat stories.

"There was another coat," Marian began. "I remember the day Mother and I went to buy it. I fell deeply in love with a royal blue coat. 'But blue fades so much,' Mother said to me. 'Why not this red, or this durable tweed?' I insisted on the blue. The first year it looked lovely, but the second year it faded on the shoulders. A new coat that year was out of the question. One day I noticed how bright the inside of the coat was and I decided to turn the coat wrong side out! I was in the seventh grade, and hadn't done much sewing, but Mother said, 'Well, if you are determined, you may try, but if you spoil it, I don't know what you will wear!' "

"I can always sew it back up the same way," I replied.

"I started ripping one seam at a time. Then I would sew it up on the other side. I knew if I had many pieces of the coat before me at once, I would become confused. It was on a Saturday that I started working on the coat. By Saturday night, it was pressed and once more a beautiful royal blue. The coat fitted perfectly, and I loved it again."

The women who were embroidering the dish towels had leaned closer to hear every word. Those who were quilting had stopped their conversation and were listening, though their needles continued to keep up their in-and-out movement.

Marian continued, "I always had a ready-made coat after that. Once I was fortunate enough to have two coats at one time. A pretty red coat, and a nice black one my older sister had handed down. The styles were short, really conspicuously short, at that time. Then suddenly Paris dropped the skirt length, some twelve inches, and there was poor little me, with two good coats and neither one came to my knees! But I solved that one," Marian said with a smile.

"How?" It was as if every lady

in the room had breathed the word at the same time.

"I looked through a mail-order catalogue," Marian continued. "Oh, not to buy a new one. No such luck as that, for those were depression years. I was looking to see if there was such a thing as a two-toned coat. I figured if I could find even one in the catalogue, a two-toned coat would be stylish. I found two coats of this nature, so I started working.

"The red coat, I left as it was through the shoulders, sleeves, and waist. By dropping the armholes of the black coat to the waist, it reached the proper length. So, with the red as the top, and the black as the bottom, I contrived a new coat. I used a sort of square link effect to match them together, both in the back and on the sleeves, where the black and red met. The collar was a muffler effect, with black on one side and red on the other. The finished coat was really trim, neat, and professional looking. I wore it for years, even after I had other coats."

MARIAN stopped for breath. She looked around the room. She had an audience, all right. You could hear a pin drop, the room was so quiet, except for her voice, and the steady movement of embroidery needles, crochet hooks, and quilting needles.

"A coat should mean a great deal to a person," Marian continued. "So many things happen to a person during the lifetime of a coat. Why a coat becomes even closer to you than a friend. A coat sort of takes on personality and becomes a part of you."

"Why, how interesting," one sister spoke up. "I never thought of coats in that light, as personalities, before. To me a coat has been just something that served me, sort of like a servant. When one was too old, I'd get a new one."

"Another coat with clinging memories," Marian continued, "was a light blue one I bought in Salt Lake City once. How I loved that coat! I wore it and wore it, and because I loved it so much, and it wasn't out of style, or threadbare, I had it dyed a navy blue. People complimented me on my new coat. I always felt that coat knew that it was nearer and dearer to me than any new one could ever be."

Marian paused a few moments for dramatic effect. She knew the ladies were thinking about their own coats hanging in the hallway, and feeling that they would appreciate the coat that kept them warm just a little more. They were in the mood now for her final word! Marian knew just what she would say, and continued.

"Sometimes, too, a person doesn't really appreciate a coat, while one wears it. It is after something happens to it, that it becomes like a dead friend, and you wish that you could call it back. Perhaps if you could have the chance again, you would hang it up properly, take better care of it, really treasure it, as a good coat should be treasured."

Marian felt tears coming, but she blinked them back. She would see this story to the finish. She was almost to the climax. She had the many balls of black cloth on her lap ready to display. She was ready to tell these women just what they had done to her coat.

But Marian couldn't go on. She looked about at the women in the room. They were all such sweet, kind-hearted women. Why if . . . if they knew what had happened to her coat, they would open their purses and make up the loss among them. It would be beggarly to tell the climax of the story. No one must ever know what had happened to her coat this day.

Of course, she would have to tell her husband, Les. But she would put the blame squarely on her own shoulders, where it belonged. She should have hung her coat in the cloakroom as all the other women had done. A new coat right now would mean doing without the lovely platform rocker that she and Les had been saving to buy. It would be a real sacrifice for both of them, to have to buy a new coat right now. After she told Les what had happened to the coat, she would never tell another soul.

MARIAN heard herself speaking. "Well, sisters, that's all the coat stories."

She managed a smile when she spoke, then turned slightly and looked out of the window. The day, which had looked so lovely when she came to the work meeting, had changed. Snow was falling now in large flakes. Marian felt the harsh cold that would meet her at the door and engulf her all the way home. Perhaps it would be best to go to the bishop's office, and call Les on the phone. He would be glad to come around for her in the car. It would be best to tell him to bring her summer jacket. No use running a risk of pneumonia in the dead of winter.

Marian started to rise, when she heard the president, Sister Cora Meads, say, "I believe we've been together long enough today, sisters. Sister Clegg, will you stay for a few minutes and help me set the room in order?"

Marian was glad to stay. It would help to keep the secret of her coat, if the sisters had all left before she did. She hardly recognized her own high-pitched voice, "Why, yes, I can stay for a few minutes. I would be delighted to help straighten the Relief Society room."

It was while they were carrying the balls of carpet rags into the Relief Society closet that President Meads put her arm around Marian's waist.

"Sister Clegg, I want you to try on this lovely green coat."

Why . . . why . . . how did President Meads know what had happened to her coat? None of the other women, not even the ones in the circle of rag cutters, had missed the coat. Did a Relief Society president have a given intuition, a sort of heavenly guiding knowledge of where things were needed? Marian had scoffed at such things, but it must be so. If not, how did Sister Meads know of her need now?

President Meads went on, "A friend of mine who lives in another town was passing through in a car and gave me this coat to give to the Deseret Industries. She said she was too loaded and wanted someone else to have the use of it. Take it, Sister Clegg, and wear it proudly." Sister Meads was holding the coat open for her to try on.

Marian slipped into the coat, and buttoned it around her throat. It felt good. It was warm and well

made and in style. She turned to look at herself in the mirror. Why, it was a perfect fit, as if it had been made especially for her. Marian liked the green wool in the coat. It was lovely and really more expensive looking than she could have bought herself. But, if she took it, and if the word got around . . . she and Les had never accepted charity . . . .

"Wear it proudly," President Meads repeated.

"But . . . but . . ." Marian hardly knew how to express herself tactfully.

"You mean, you couldn't wear it, if people knew?" Sister Meads looked at her kindly. "Sister Clegg, a Relief Society president isn't even allowed to let her right hand know what her left hand does."

Marian felt a warm protecting hand on her shoulder. She felt something else! It was a certain something burning within her bosom. Suddenly Marian wanted to become a member of Relief Society. She wanted to become one with the other sisters of the Church in this organization of loving service.

For an Artist

Vesta N. Lukei

The berries are red on the eastern bough,
And sunlight shadows the leaves below
With pebbled patterns from higher green.
Oh, catch, if you will, the vagrant scene
With paint or pencil, skillfully—
But keep your love for the living tree
And always know that no word or brush
Can hold the song of the morning thrush.

End of Summer

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

The year has turned to the summer's ending
And harvested fields are bared to the sky.
Low, mountain mists, with the tall clouds blending,
Veil the granite cliffs above timberline.

Across the valley, vapors are creeping,
Unfettered tumbleweeds roll lightly by;
Red apples are ripe for winter's keeping,
And the grapes hang purple upon the vine.

Neat canyon streams bright maples are glowing,
The yellow-gold aspens quiver and sigh;
Through towering pines, cool wind is blowing
A requiem song for the summertime.

Ralph

Dorothy A. Johnson

IT was the sight of his two worn little working gloves that really touched off the tears, or maybe it was his boy-sized irrigation shovel placed just so in the corner of the garage the way he always stored it.

I recalled his last words as he hurried away to his first morning at school. "Don't you go to the farm, Mother, till I come home. Then I'll put on my workin' gloves and get my shovel and we'll sure have fun."

The whole family had become attached to that little shovel, and it had somehow become a symbol of Ralph. We had watched breathlessly the morning of his sixth birthday as Grandfather and Grandmother had handed him his bulky present.

"Oh, boy! a shovel . . . . Now I can really irrigate your garden, Mother."

How his eyes had danced as Grandfather had showed him his name printed on the handle! . . . . "Just so the kids will know that Ralph is going to really help run the farm this summer."

And how he had helped! The whole farm personnel had smiled at his enthusiasm. A familiar sight it had been to see him patrol the water ditches, his shovel over his shoulder, tightly gripped by a hand in his working glove, patched blue jeans, scuffed up red Indian boots, determination in his stride, a proud swing to his shoulders, his eyes alight with the feeling of usefulness and achievement.

"You don't need to worry about your strawberries, Mother, I have it all figured out just how I'm going to run the water."

No irrigation engineer could have had more thrill from his blue prints of a new dam than Ralph did from making his water behave. Such an elaborate system of dams and ditches! And then the glow of satisfaction when his job had been done.

"Well, I bet that water subbed through every row. You sure ought to get a good fall crop of berries. I bet we even have enough for the magpies."

My little pal, what a joy he has always been! And how thankful I am that I have not wasted a single moment of my love in the disappointment many people thought I should have felt in the arrival of my third boy. Perhaps that was the secret of our palship, a reciprocation for the fierce loyalty and extra tender love I had shown at his birth. After all, we usually get out of anything the sum total of what we put into it. In this case the bread I had cast on the water had returned as cake.

The time is here for horizons beyond the bounds of irrigation ditches, and I'll be watching for the same swing of his shoulders, the same determined stride. And as my heart swells with pride at each new accomplishment, I know I'll think of his first world he conquered, the world of irrigation ditches, with the aid of two blue working gloves and a little shovel with a red handle.

Wind Fingers

Grace Barker Wilson

The shutters all are fastened tight,
My house, my hearth are weather-proof;
But still I hear throughout the night
Wind fingers tapping on my roof.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A CONSTITUTION FOR UTAH: The men who frame the Constitution for the State of Utah are expected to build a structure that will be permanent, that will have a sure foundation and will not need continually patching up because it is not equally well poised and properly balanced in all its parts; the strangers who visit beautiful Utah will agree that it has the advantage of almost any other section of country in our broad land in natural facilities and in beauty of location, and therefore it should have the best, the wisest and the strongest Constitution, to correspond with its belongings.

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN THE FOURTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY: . . . Sister L. D. Alder: "I have worked at the straw work years ago, we had hats for sale also rag carpets, in the Relief Society. I am anxious these home industries should succeed." . . . Sister Susan Grant of Davis County said: "I take great interest in Home Industry. Always trade at the Woman's Store. Also advise the sisters in our stake to do so . . . . The Lord tells us to adorn ourselves with the workmanship of our own hands . . . . In years past I always felt like getting in a corner and staying there; since taking an active part in public duties, have experienced great joy in my labors."

—V. R. Young, Sec.

HARVEST TIME

Harvest time, and a bright gold sun,
Sends its beams o'er the yellowing fields;
The heavy grain, and sweet-scented meadows,
All tell of bounteous yields;
The clang of mower, and clash of scythe
Are gathering the yield of the soil;
Every where is fruitfulness
To gladden the sons of toil . . . .

—M. R. T. Griffith

VERSATILE WOMEN: Charlotte Carmichael Stopes in *British Free-Women—Their Historical Privilege*, finds that women have been Queens Consort; Queens Regnant; and Queens Regent. That as noble women they have received homage, held courts . . . . could and did inherit public offices . . . That as peeresses they could be, and were summoned to Parliament in person or by proxy.

NOT A PARADISE: The historian tells us that it was no garden of the Hesperides upon which the pioneers gazed that memorable July morning. Aside from its scenic splendor, which was indeed magnificent, there was little to invite, and much to repel in the prospect presented to their view . . . on all sides a seemingly endless waste of sage brush bespangled with sunflowers—the paradise of the lizard, the cricket, and the rattlesnake . . . a silence unbroken, save by the cricket's ceaseless chirp, the roar of the mountain torrent, or the whirr and twitter of the passing bird . . . a desolation of centuries . . . . —Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, one of America's most beloved writers, has recently published *Vermont Tradition*. It celebrates the worth of a free people who have stamped the American nation as a whole with something of their character.

CEEVAH M. ROSENTHAL, leader in social work education, conceived and is largely responsible for a program for aiding epileptics. It is the first plan in the United States to combine medical treatment, research, vocational training, and social adjustments for sufferers from epilepsy.

ANNA ELLA CARROLL and ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Falmouth and Company, Manchester, Maine) is a new book by Sydney Greenbie and his wife, Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. It tells the authentic story of Anne, more abolitionist than Lincoln himself, though a Maryland aristocrat from a family of slaveholders. Her keen political insight, talent for writing, and military genius were ever at the command of President Lincoln.

FIVE Latter-day Saint students from Utah, Idaho, and California, are winning special recognition for their musical accomplishments in New York City. Lucretia Ferre was soprano soloist in "The Messiah" oratorio in Town Hall and has had roles in operas and musicales with the Arundel Opera Company in Maine. Lila Dickson has sung the alto roles in four oratorios. Renee Sheranian has appeared both as harp and as soprano soloist in important events. Beryl Jensen, contralto, is one of the few Utahns ever to appear as a soloist with the New York Oratorio Society. Naomi Nokes has appeared as soloist in concerts in New York City.

FOR the first time in history, women's ownership of life insurance has reached the fifty billion dollar mark, according to a survey issued by the Institute of Life Insurance.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Amanda Hartman, Los Angeles, California, ninety-three; Mrs. Emily S. Crandall and Mrs. Emma S. Cranmer, twins, Springville, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Lucy Robertson, Springville, ninety; Mrs. Lucinda Pace Redd, Monticello, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Margaret Honeycombe LeBriton, Tooele, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 SEPTEMBER 1954 NO. 9

Congratulations to President David O. McKay on His Eighty-First Birthday

September 8, 1954

THE general board and members of Relief Society throughout the stakes and missions of the Church extend birthday congratulations to our beloved President, David O. McKay. We rejoice in the inspiration of his leadership and in his deep and abiding spirituality. It is with special gratitude that we express our appreciation for President McKay's travels abroad to the far stakes and missions of the Church, and we rejoice with the European Saints that our Prophet, Seer, and Revelator has stood upon the English and the Swiss temple sites and dedicated these sacred premises for the erection of temples to the Most High. And we feel, with the saints in Africa, in South America, Central America, Mexico, and the islands of the sea, a participation with them in the joy of seeing President McKay and hearing his voice lifted in wisdom and in reverence, and in praise to the Heavenly Father for the restored gospel and the opportunity of taking its message to the far corners of the earth. We are grateful that the days and the years of President McKay's life have been lengthened, and it is our prayer that he may enjoy continued health and strength to perform his labors on the earth, and to instruct and bless and inspire all who seek to know the will of our Father in Heaven.

"Be Ye Kind"

IN striving continually to grow better, there are three words which, if followed, steadily advance one along the path of progression. Paul demanded of the Ephesians, "And *be ye kind* one to another." If everyone would follow this advice, the worst would become better; the better, good; and good would turn into joy.

Everyone's day is filled with small actions, which, with one's innermost thoughts, total up that day's character. Kind thoughts reflected in kind words and deeds strengthen character development. And after the evening is past, reflection on that day's happenings brings satisfaction and contentment. But if kindliness has not been the wellspring of the day, then night reflections turn bitter. That clipped sentence, which seemed so apropos and smart at the time it was uttered, loses its cleverness at the remembrance of the flush and hurt look on the face of the one to whom the remark was directed. The quick-

ness of the wit, tinged with a little malice, no longer seems justified.

Some people seem to feel called upon to pluck the mote out of their brother's eye while overlooking their own beam. And still, harsh criticism and unkind words do not have as much effect in awakening in a wrongdoer a desire to improve himself as do kindly words of understanding. "A soft answer turneth away wrath" is as true today as when first expressed. The mainspring to nobler living wells up from the inner soul as a result of repentance.

The wife and mother has much to do with setting the tone of the home, and the exercise of kindness is an essential ingredient for establishing a tone of love. By studying critically her own conduct and acknowledging that there are two sides to any question, the homemaker inclines her heart to kindness rather than criticism. By stating to herself the two sides of an occurrence which has brought hurt to her, she comes to appreciate the feeling of the other party to a misunderstanding. Her heart then can begin to purge itself of selfishness and take a kindly, understanding view. Having gained this perspective, she looks with a proper attitude upon weaknesses of her husband known to her.

In addressing the Relief Society members, the Prophet Joseph admonished them, "When you go home, never give a cross or unkind word to your husbands, but let kindness, charity and love crown your works henceforward" (D. H. C. IV, page 607). Through this consideration and kindness, the marriage relationship, to last throughout eternity, becomes ever closer and dearer.

While a mother's teen-age children may exasperate and provoke her sorely, and bring a stinging retort to her lips, yet a recollection of the command to be kind, will modify her manner of correction and result in a better understanding and future co-operation with her children. Younger children need to be firmly and particularly corrected and trained steadfastly. The spirit of rebellion and bitterness which may result is usually dissolved before it hardens and leads to serious misunderstandings, if children are corrected in a spirit of kindliness.

The aged stand in great need of kindly words of appreciation and encouragement. They can go without material largess better than spiritual compassion.

Kindness arises from a deep-seated characteristic of benevolence; and the heart as well as the lips must speak kindness to earn the approbation of the Savior: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Be ye kind," are three words with vital significance to every Latter-day Saint woman.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 29 and 30, 1954. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle, a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings on Wednesday and on Thursday morning is limited to stake and mission officers. A feature of the conference will be the cornerstone laying ceremony for the Relief Society Building at Main and North Temple Streets, Wednesday afternoon at 4:15.

Buying Textbooks and Visual Aids for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board, it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and ward should present to the president of the respective organization a list of the textbooks and visual aids which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these supplies with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and visual aids and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook or visual aid.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

"Relief Society Handbook" Available

The Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society, 1949 edition, is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure.

The Long Night

Maurine B. Hansen

KATHERINE stood silently at the window, looking down at the city below; out of the sea of smoky twilight the early lights came floating, seemed to be riding the waves directly up to the base of the huge gray building where she was.

This place is just like an island, she thought pensively, or a mountaintop. All the noise and confusion of the city, all the cares and troubles of living wash around it, but up here nothing touches us. We're like castaways from the time we enter till the time we go home and have to face our responsibilities again. Well. I don't want to go home! Every other time I could hardly wait to get home with the new baby, but not this time. I'm sick of being somebody's wife, somebody's mother. I want to be myself! And it seems I have to come to the hospital and have a baby to do it!

Katherine pushed the window curtain aside impatiently and stared again into the gathering darkness. So quiet. You couldn't even hear the traffic clearly from here. Only a sound like the wind on an autumn night. At home now, there would be no peace and quiet. This was the worst time of day when you had children. Joe coming home tired, asking if supper was ready, the baby (well, she'd been the baby until now) crying sleepily in her high chair, the two little girls wrangling endlessly over their toys, while Kathy, the eight-year old, sat with her ear glued to the blaring radio.

And, finally, when the nightmarish meal was prepared and eaten, when the last child had been coaxed into eating her vegetables, when the inevitable glass of milk had been spilled and wiped up, and Joe had been waited on and filled up and sent in to read his paper, then could Katherine sit down, eat her own supper, and relax? No, then the work began again, or perhaps it merely continued—at a more hectic pace.

The bath, with the usual chaos in the bathroom, the tedious, childishly drawn-out routine of getting into night clothes, curling Kathy's hair for school, the story, the prayers, the drinks of water, and the goodnight kisses. At this point Katherine always felt more like bestowing an exasperated spank than a kiss—and the final, exhausted relief of turning off the light.

Oh, if only she could rest then! But there were still the kitchen with the sinkful of unwashed dishes, the dining room with the uncleared table, the floor to sweep—and afterward, the basket of ironing (did Kathy have a clean dress for school?), Kathy's shoes to polish, Joe's socks to darn, his torn work pants to mend and nothing, nothing, *nothing* to look forward to but bed and the blessed relief of sleep, until the baby cried, or one of the children had a bad dream, or wanted another drink. And then, almost instantly, it seemed, came the maddening jangle of the alarm and another day's beginning.

Oh, no, thought Katherine fran-

tically, safe on the fifth floor of the hospital, I won't go home tomorrow! I can't face that again, so soon! Other women can manage gracious, leisurely meals, a pleasant, quiet evening with their children—and a little time to be a companion to their husbands. If only I were more efficient, a better manager . . . but I'm not, and I *must* have a little more time to myself!

Mother is there, she planned feverishly in her mind. She'll take good care of Joe and the girls. I'll tell Dr. Miller I don't feel strong enough to leave yet. I'm sure he'll let me stay another day or two. He must! I can't face the bedlam at home yet, especially not with the new baby to take care of, too!

She sank into a soft chair and looked around her, her eyes bitter and stormy, her usually pretty mouth a sullen line. She was in the waiting room at the end of the hall on the maternity floor. It was a comfortable, pleasant room . . . easy chairs, an end table with a casual clutter of magazines and papers, flowered drapes at the wide windows, a golden pool of light on tht floor beneath the graceful floor lamp.

Down the hall beyond the nursery was her room. It was pleasant too, and quietly peaceful. What was more important, she was alone there. No one to make demands upon her, no responsibilities. Her meals were brought to her regularly — in good time. Good meals, tastefully arranged on the tray—meals she did not have to cook, nor clean up after. She slept undisturbed throughout the night; when she awoke, she washed and listened to the radio, read, or rested until her breakfast came.

After that she could see her baby, play with him, feed him, rejoice in the fact that she and Joe had a boy at last after the four little girls. But she did not have to bathe him, nor change him, nor wash his clothes. She did not even hear him cry. And all the long afternoon was hers to read, or nap, to visit in case anyone came to see her, to rediscover her self as a person, an individual, not a mother, nor a wife, not a housekeeper, nor a cook, nor a laundress.

Katherine did not want to go home. She felt well enough and had very little weakness, but she had a bitter determination to stay in the hospital somehow—to refuse to go home tomorrow.

She sat there a long time, reveling in the stillness, the complete absence of things she should be doing. Finally, she rose, sighing, still bitter about having to leave this haven, but realizing, too, that there was nothing she could do about it. She was well—they couldn't afford for her to stay even one day longer than was necessary.

SHE went back along the darkened hall, past the closed doors of others like hers, till she came to the nursery. Peering between the slats of the blinds she could see her baby in his crib, on his stomach, asleep, the blue blanket covering him except for his round black head. What a darling he was! So like Joe. Everything she had wanted her son to be. Of course you wanted your girls to be pretty, but it didn't matter, especially, whether or not they looked like their father. But a boy, when they had waited

so long for one, why, how wonderful that he should look so much like his father. She feasted her eyes on him a moment more—how peacefully he slept! How safe he was here. He got the best of care, she needn't worry about him a minute, as she might at home. Then, noticing by the clock on the nursery wall that it was a quarter to six—almost time for them to bring the baby in—she went back along the quiet hall to her own room.

The efficient, masked nurse brought the baby in promptly at six, relinquished him to Katherine's waiting arms, and silently departed, closing the door softly behind her. A moment later she reopened the door long enough to say, "Oh, Mrs. Harper, your baby was quite unhappy earlier this evening. He seems to have a tummy-ache, poor little boy. But don't worry—he'll get over it with no trouble, I'm sure." And she was gone again.

"Have you been sick, honey?" Katherine murmured, cuddling her son. "Well, after your supper everything will be better." And so it was. The baby soon lay drowsing and content in her arms. The omnipresent nurse appeared again, like a genie, and whisked the baby back to the nursery.

She brought him in again at ten, after Katherine had spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening visiting with the patient in the next room, discussing their respective children (strange how charming they became when you did not have to be with them every minute).

"How's my baby been?" she asked the nurse.

"Oh, a little fussy, Mrs. Harper, but nothing to be concerned about," the nurse replied.

After her visit with the baby, Katherine went to bed. The room was cool, blessedly quiet and remote, the bed linen was hospital-immaculate. With nothing to disturb her, Katherine slept.

SHE awoke suddenly sometime later. For a moment she lay still, holding her breath, listening. Then it came again, the high, incessant wailing of a baby. She often heard the babies in the nursery cry, but this was different. It was . . . familiar. It was *her* baby. Suddenly, she was sure of it. She hadn't heard him cry often, but he had cried that evening and she remembered.

She listened again. The crying went on, desperate, persistent. Don't be silly, she told herself, he's only hungry—they'll feed him, and he'll go right back to sleep. But the crying went on, unabated, increasing in volume and desperation, until as suddenly as it had begun, it stopped.

Katherine listened fearfully. They must have picked him up, she breathed.

But the sound began again, seconds later, fretful, appealing, as if the child had only stopped for breath. Katherine sat up in bed, her hands clutching the sheet, staring into the darkness.

She had never heard a new baby cry quite like that before. So insistently, as if . . . as if he were in pain. Could it be that he was sick? After all, the nurse had said he'd been fussy—had had a stomach-ache. What if it were something serious? You read all the time of

epidemics among newborn babies in hospitals. You never thought it could happen to one of yours, but . . . suppose it did? Suppose it were her baby, her son? Sick at heart, desperately Katherine fumbled her way out of the high hospital bed, groped for her slippers, her housecoat. She slipped out the door, down the hall, her feet noiseless on the polished floor.

Halfway to the nursery a nurse stepped out of the office.

"Why, Mrs. Harper, what are you doing up at this hour?"

"I—I heard a baby crying," Katherine stammered. "I came to see if it was my baby. He sounded so ill, and he cried so long . . . listen, you can still hear him!"

"Now, Mrs. Harper, I'm sure everything is all right. He's probably only hungry. And it most likely isn't your baby anyway. You need your rest. Now you go right back to bed." She turned Katherine's resisting form, propelled her gently down the hall.

"You climb back into bed, Mrs. Harper, and I'll go down to the nursery and check on that baby," she said soothingly. "There is no need for you to worry."

Alone again, Katherine did not get back into bed. She turned instead to the window, stared unseeing into the blackness. The nurse had not reassured her. After all, it was her job to keep the patients from becoming upset. What else could she have said to Katherine? And they certainly would not tell her if there were something wrong with her baby. Not until it was too late. Those epidemics struck like lightning, Katherine remembered. Only a few hours before the baby . . . died. A sob stuck in her throat.

Back in the nursery the baby still cried, the sound rising and falling, growing weak and tired, then loud and anguished.

KATHERINE could bear it no longer. She shut her door tightly against the sound, telling herself over and over, furiously, it's not my baby, it's not my baby! And anyway, they'll take good care of him. They know just what to do. If they have to, they can get a doctor in a minute. And I'm sure it isn't my baby. All this is just my imagination.

But the sound crept into the room, under the door, through the transom, filling it with dread and the terrible noise of the baby's crying.

Katherine knelt by the bed. "Dear Lord, take care of my baby . . . don't let it be my baby! Please, Father, let me take him home tomorrow, let me help him grow up. Please, don't let it be my baby!" Dear God, she thought, if only I could see him, hold him, know just how sick he is!

All night the terrible sound continued. She waited breathlessly, hopelessly, praying for the crying to stop, fearing that it would, and she would no longer know if the child still existed.

At last the sky began to grow light, the first pink fingers of dawn crept over the mountains. And the crying of the baby stopped. Down the hall, the hushed footsteps of the nurse were approaching. The door opened.

"Why, Mrs. Harper, are you up

already? Here's your baby, all ready for his breakfast. And is he hungry!"

Katherine raised her haggard face to the nurse. "My baby, is he . . . is he all right?"

"He surely is—slept through his two-o'clock feeding, almost. I think he would have, but one of the babies cried most of the night—his formula doesn't agree with him, I guess. I hope he didn't disturb you. He has a mighty pair of lungs."

"No," Katherine murmured faintly. "He didn't disturb me."

"That's good," said the nurse, placing the baby in Katherine's arms. "I hear you're going home today. Good luck to you . . . don't work too hard right away now." And she was gone.

"Yes," said Katherine, holding her baby tightly, "we're going home today, home to Daddy and the little sisters—and we can hardly wait."

Suddenly the hospital lost its magic for her . . . it was quiet, peaceful . . . but home—home was where the safety lay and everything she held dear.

Traditional

Beulah Huish Sadleir

It bears no mark of Chippendale—
Of Sheraton or Adam.
It never held a princess
Nor a smart Parisian madam;
It boasts of no handcarving,
Wears no ancient tapestry—
This chair made in my grandpa's mill
Held just my doll and me.

LYNDA SUE SNOW

Standing beside the chair which was made by her third great-grandfather, Walter Huish of Payson, Utah.

Storing Wheat

IN response to requests which have come to the *Magazine* for information on methods of storing wheat, we are printing the following information contained in a bulletin issued by the General Church Welfare Committee:

1. Variety: Dark Hard Winter Wheat (Turkey)
Dark Hard Spring or Marquis Wheat

2. Grade should be No. 2 or better (not less than 58 lbs. per bushel). Protein should be from 11.50 or 12.50 per cent. Wheat should be cleaned for human consumption and free from smut and foreign material.

3. Moisture content is most important. It is recommended that the moisture content be less than 10 per cent. Insects are unable to reproduce in clean grain with a moisture of 9 per cent or below.

4. Containers should be suitable to hold weight of grain, protect it from rodents and insects, and should be non-conductors of moisture (metal containers have been most satisfactory).

5. Quantity will vary according to individual needs. An active person will require more than an inactive one. As a guide, from past experience, one year's requirement will vary from 70 lbs. per year for children to 300 lbs. for an adult per capita. (This refers only to bread, cereal, and other normal requirements. If circumstances cause wheat and wheat products to become the principal diet, the amount required per individual would be proportionally increased.)

6. Storage. Wheat will keep indefinitely if properly stored in a cool dry place with moisture under 10 per cent. It should be free from any foreign materials, especially those which have odors (kerosene, onions, petroleum products, etc.). If wheat is stored for more than one year it should be turned and aerated at least twice a year. Wheat can be cleaned by screening it over a hand sieve made of screen similar to wire door screen. The most successful storage has resulted from stock rotation, using old wheat first, and replacing it with new wheat at harvest season.

Faithful Farmer

Mabel Law Atkinson

When working for a harvest, he would sow
The seed with care in fertile, waiting soil,
And ask the Father to reward his toil—
Then would continue on to use the hoe.

Wood Carving, Oil Painting, and Needlecraft

Ella Call Cook, Afton, Wyoming, Keeps Herself Busy and Makes Other People Happy With Her Multiple Hobbies

SISTER COOK, sixty-nine years old, is seen holding a scroll wood carving, "Queen Anne's Sleigh." Also in the photograph are a hand-carved shelf in scroll design and five pieces of toy furniture. Sister Cook also carved the graceful balustrade seen at the right of the picture. Other items illustrated are: a pompom bedspread, a knitted bed jacket, crocheted tidy, netted doily (on Sister Cook's lap); crocheted tablecloth; eyelet embroidered pillowcases; embroidered doily; tatted doily; cluny lace-trimmed curtains; hand-painted china plate; syrup pitcher, plate, and candlestick; punchwork panel, crocheted bag, crocheted bedspread, nylon crocheted scarf, beaded handbag; "Broken Star" quilt, "Turkey Tracks" quilt, "Tumbling Blocks" quilt; hooked rug; oil painting of roses.

Sister Cook, mother of eight children, has served in the stake Relief Society presidency and is now a visiting teacher in her ward.

On Guard

Pansye H. Powell

When summer nights hold clover sweets,
Beset by insect vandals,
Then firefly watchmen light their beats
With flashing neon-candles!

No Secrets Between Them

Dorothy Boys Kilian

MRS. THATCHER sat down in her favorite rocker by the back parlor window and adjusted across her slender shoulders the beautiful shawl her daughter had recently sent her from India.

"A lovely thing," she said softly for the hundredth time. "But, oh, if it could only have been Julie herself that came across the water instead. . . ."

She stopped abruptly and looked apprehensively across at her white-haired, kind-faced husband who was reading in his big leather chair. Had she said too much? Would he realize that she was thinking she might never see their child again, at least in this world?

Mr. Thatcher looked up from his paper and said soothingly, "Only a year now, Mary, until it's time for her to come home again."

"Yes, only a year," Mrs. Thatcher repeated slowly. *I have succeeded in keeping it from him,* she thought to herself. *He doesn't have the faintest idea.*

Far from feeling triumphant, however, the taste of her success was a great bitterness in her mouth.

She had never before, in all their forty-seven years of married life, tried to keep anything important from her husband. But when the doctor had told her—apparently he had seen that she was determined to know the truth—that she might go any time now, her first instinct had been to protect Jonathan from all unnecessary sorrow. She had had a long, full, rich life, there should be no real sadness over the fact that her course was almost run. But he might not be able to see it that way. The anguish of uncertainty might be much harder for him to bear than for her. Why not spare him?

So she had bravely reasoned.

But day by day the unaccustomed burden of the secret had grown heavier on her heart. She had come to feel that she was cheapening their last days together by refusing to share everything with him, that, in effect, she had been doing him the injustice of believing him to be more cowardly than she. She longed to tell him the truth, but the longer she waited, the more difficult it became to broach the subject.

Mrs. Thatcher looked out the window toward her beloved garden, as if hoping to find strength in its awakening beauty. Her eyes focused on its newest addition, a shiny green camellia plant, now bursting with buds.

I knew that one would bear bountifully, she thought warmly, the minute I saw it. In a few weeks it will be a riot of color.

THE new plant in full bloom! How fast time was passing. She must not allow another day to go by with this shadow of deception between her and her husband.

"Jonathan," she said quickly, feeling the blood drain from her face. "I must tell you something."

"Yes, Mary?" Mr. Thatcher put down his paper with startling suddenness.

Mrs. Thatcher cleared her throat. "It's hard," she half whispered. "The telling of it is almost harder than the thing itself." She forced herself to continue. "Jon, remember when you took me to the doctor's about two months ago?"

Mr. Thatcher leaned forward and laid his wrinkled brown hand on hers. "You don't have to tell me, my dear—I know," he said softly.

There was a moment of deep, searching silence between them.

"You know, Jonathan?" Mrs. Thatcher asked incredulously, even as a great wave of relief swept over her. "But how? I thought I had been so careful not to. . . ."

Her husband smiled tenderly. "You have been careful, Mary. At what cost I will never know. And since you seemed to want it that way, I have kept silent."

"What made you realize, Jon? Did that doctor say anything to you? If he did," Mrs. Thatcher's gentle voice rose to an unnatural crescendo, "I'll never trust his word again!"

"No, no, it wasn't Dr. Jolby, Mary," Mr. Thatcher said hastily. "It—it was the camellias."

"The camellias?" his wife echoed blankly.

"Yes," he said. "You remember how we stopped at the nursery on the way home from the doctor's office that day, to buy a new camellia plant for the back garden?"

"I remember," Mrs. Thatcher answered. "It was that lovely full-bodied one that's bursting with promise right this minute." She looked out the window as if to verify her statement.

"They're going to have multicolored blossoms, too, just as the man said," she added enthusiastically. "This morning I saw some slivers of deep pink and white peeping out from the swirls of the green buds." She seemed almost to have forgotten the burden of their conversation.

"How you love camellias!" Mr. Thatcher said. "They quite take you out of yourself, don't they?"

"Yes, Jonathan, they're very dear to my heart." She paused, and her husband saw the solemn shadow of reality come back into her eyes. "That's why I . . ." she began impulsively, then stopped in confusion.

"Exactly so." Mr. Thatcher's voice was deep with emotion. "That's how I knew, Mary, what you've been trying to tell me this afternoon."

MRS. Thatcher raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"You love flowers so much, Mary," her husband explained slowly, "that you've always wanted to watch them grow from the very beginning. If it was a choice between seeds and plants, as with zinnias, you always took seeds. Maybe you felt your eye on them would make them grow straighter and fuller than they would have in a nursery," he added teasingly.

"Oh, come now, Jon," Mrs. Thatcher chuckled. "But you see, don't you?" she added seriously. "It's kind of like wanting to adopt a tiny baby from a foundling home instead of a half-grown child, if you had the choice, so you could have the joy of watching and shaping its development from the first."

Mr. Thatcher nodded understandingly. "And by the same token,"

he said, "when it came to shrubs or trees, whereas most folks wanted ones that would bear blossoms or fruit right away, you'd always buy the tiniest bush, the smallest tree."

"Patience costs nothing, Jon, and I've always had plenty."

"Always, until this time," her husband said softly. "On that last trip to the nursery, when I confidently pointed out to you the smallest, puniest plant in the place. . . ." Mr. Thatcher smiled with infinite love and compassion as he reached over once more and put her hand in his. "This time," he went on, "you said quietly, 'No, Jonathan, let's take a large one, one that will be sure to bloom well this very season.' . . . And then I knew."

A Letter From Mother

My Dear Children:

Our wonderful chapel is now completed, and our dedication of it to God's work is over. But the spiritual feeling of the dedicatory prayer and the services held then are still a vital part of the whole building. I wish you could all have had this inspiring and thrilling experience with me.

There is one thing I have noticed when any of the General Authorities of the Church offers a prayer, he is always careful to speak the name of Deity with reverence and in plainness. I think we do appeal to our Heavenly Father with careful reverence and humility. But how many of us give full meaning to the closing of our prayers when we speak in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior? That bothers me sometimes.

It seems we become too hurried to think of the sacredness of his name. Have you noticed how children are often in the habit of saying "In the name of Jesus Christ" indistinctly, with their words run together, at the conclusion of a blessing or a prayer. Do your little ones speak like that?

When I was a small girl, one day in Sunday School our stake superintendent was visiting us, and when he spoke to us he remarked about the reverence with which the blessings on the sacrament had been said. One brother was mentioned especially, and when we came to think of it, he did pronounce the prayer beautifully, with utmost faith and reverence right to the end.

Upon one occasion special respect was paid to Jesus. Do you remember when Mary came to Jesus and used her precious ointment to anoint his head and feet? Some criticized her for being so extravagant, but Jesus did not. Some said the ointment should have been sold and the money given to the poor, but Jesus said the poor were always with them, but they would not always have him with them. He declared that whenever the gospel was preached this incident would be told as a memorial to her.

Perhaps, if we explain to the little folks how sacred the name of Jesus is, and how he loves us, they will speak his name reverently.

The fruit season is at hand, and our Relief Society bazaar is not too far away, so I am as busy as a mother with twins. I love you, darlings.

Mother

Clara Horne Park

Courtesy National Cotton Council

French Toasted Ham Sandwiches

12 slices day-old bread
shortening for spreading
baked or boiled ham
mustard
3 eggs
1½ c. milk
3 tbsp. flour
⅛ tbsp. salt
shortening for frying

Make sandwiches by spreading slices of bread lightly with shortening. Spread every other slice with ham and mustard to taste. Cover with plain slices. Cut sandwiches in halves diagonally, making triangles. Make batter for dipping as follows: in shallow pan, such as cake pan, beat eggs with fork. Mix flour into thin paste with a little of the milk. Add to eggs, with rest of milk and salt. Mix well. Dip sandwiches, first one side then the other, in batter. Be careful not to let them soak. Fry in hot skillet or on hot griddle, turning sandwiches once to brown both sides. Serve hot. Makes six servings.

Colorful Secret

Maryhale Woolsey

"Don't let those gray clouds scare you!"
Exclaimed the merry sun.
"The makings of a rainbow
Are wrapped in every one!"

The Falling Shackles

Chapter 4 (*Conclusion*)

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: The Tobler family, members of the Church from Europe, arrive in Salt Lake City, and, through the help of Mamma Tobler's cousin Frederick, find a home. Papa Tobler, who had been a doctor, finds employment in a factory. Mamma Tobler quickly makes the old-fashioned house into a home, and Karen, the younger daughter, finds many problems of adjustment in her school work. Maria, the seventeen-year-old daughter, finds work assisting young Timothy Allred in his father's drugstore. Phillip, the young son, makes many friends. Papa Tobler is greatly disturbed to find that Felix Dracken, who had been his enemy in a concentration camp, is a fellow employee at the factory. Maria is introduced to Timothy's fiancee, Lisa Ballentine, but Maria realizes she is in love with Timothy and has been in love with him ever since the day she found Philip in his store.

NO one was downstairs. Maria found Karen sitting by the window in their room practicing the guitar. She was singing an American song, one familiar to Maria because of the radio the pharmacist kept on.

"Has Mamma been over at all?" She sat on the bed.

Karen looked up and laughed. "She is truly happy, Maria. She and Mrs. McKensie have so much in common. Mamma told me about it when she came over to get the mustard. I guess all the loneliness is over for her."

"I am a stranger in paradise . . ." Karen sang.

Maria listened critically. "You make it sound like you are a stranger in a department store. There is no feeling."

Karen stopped. "You show me, since you know so much."

"I can't sing," said Maria, "I only know the person who wrote those words knew what he was talking about."

Karen whistled. "Since this morning yet, Maria can give me lessons on love. What happened?"

"Nothing at all . . . ." Maria denied. "I just suddenly know how a love song should be sung."

Karen became humble. "Tell me then, Maria, because they have asked me to sing for the school assembly, and if I do it right, everything will be wonderful for me."

Maria sat up straight. "For the school assembly? How did they know you sang?"

Karen had the grace to blush. "Mrs. McKensie's daughter Linda, the one I said hated me . . . well, she has been listening to me sing, and she told the class president, and they had me try out. They said . . . Maria, they said I was *cool*."

"You were what?"

"*Cool*, Maria, means more than wonderful."

Maria sat back and looked at her sister. She saw how she had changed . . . not only in the way she wore her lovely hair, in the sweater that was her pride, the American shoes . . . but inside herself Karen was changed. In another year, Maria thought, there will be no difference at all, except the slightest of accents . . . all her think-

ing will be like theirs and the past will be an ugly, lost dream.

Maria was awakened again by the steady pacing of feet on the uncarpeted dining-room floor. Back and forth, back and forth, sixteen steps one way, sixteen steps another, hesitate, turn, and sixteen steps again. Maria put the pillow over her ears. But in her mind she heard them still.

The steps brought Felix Dracken vividly to her thoughts. The stooped, thick little clerk swam before her vision. She remembered his hands, stubby and seldom opened, but curled into gnarled balls, or rubbing each other over and over. When the mighty ones had come to their neighborhood, Felix had always been there to open a car door or chase a child out of the way, or berate someone for an infraction of a rule. He had been important then. His wife and daughter had lorded it over the others.

The pacing continued. Maria swung out of bed and reached for her robe and slippers.

Her father looked up when she came into the room. His face was gray with fatigue, circled with sleeplessness. "Maria? Did I awaken you?"

"No, Papa, I could not sleep. I thought I would make some hot milk for myself. You would like some?"

He nodded wearily, "Yes, I think so." He came out in the kitchen and sat down heavily at the big table while Maria prepared the milk and cut generous slices of Mamma's apple strudel.

"I have been thinking about Felix Dracken."

Maria put her hand on his arm. "I hate him."

Her father shook his head. "I wish I had not told you. Now, you worry, too. It is strange about parents. When the little ones come to them, they vow that they shall never know want nor fear nor sorrow, nothing that is unpleasant." He laughed without mirth, "How helpless we are to keep it from them."

SHE laid her cheek against his thinning hair. It was very quiet in the big house, the shadows seemed dark in the great kitchen, the clock on the stove made a little pool of busyness.

"Maybe you could not keep sorrow from me, Papa, but I have remembered always how you were, the day they took you away, so strong and brave, how you told us not to stop believing that all should yet be well." She kissed him. "I always think of that when things go badly with me . . . I . . . I try to be like you were that day."

A look of utter happiness washed rosily across her father's gray face. "Now I am strong. Now I will tell you what I have decided to do about Felix."

Maria slid into her chair beside him. "You will ignore him?"

Her father put down his cup. "No. I cannot do that, much as I would like. It is like being always near a ruined building . . . like a feeling of walls crumbling over you. No. I have decided to look elsewhere for work, and Felix can have his place in peace."

Maria started up in protest. "It isn't fair! Why should you go? Let him go." She shook her fa-

ther's arm. "If you tell the other men, they will make Felix Dracken go. They will hate him. Cousin Frederick tells us all the time how much the men admire and respect you. They will drive Felix Dracken out." Her voice rose harshly.

"Hush!" Her father put his finger on her lip. "You will awaken the whole house." He took a sip of his milk. "No," he said, "that is what Felix fears I will do. But I cannot bring myself to such a thing. Then I should be one with all the forces rising up against us in those days."

She looked at him questioningly.

"The *destroying* forces," he said, "that would enter into us all, if they could, that would crush out every decent kindly feeling, that would make us like the . . . the beasts we have known."

Maria shuddered. "But they could not enter into you, or me."

Papa took her hand. "Remember Frosgren . . . no, no, you were too young. You didn't know him when he was like others, kindly, laughing, full of fun. He listened to . . . to those others, and he believed them. He began to change."

Maria watched the knuckles whiten on his hands.

"It was strange, the difference in him. Their words flowing into his ears and filling him up like poison in a glass, and then the poison beginning to pour out . . . first in words, arguments with us, who had known him so long." Papa stared before him sadly. "Then in acts of violence . . . shameful things." Papa's fingers tightened on her hand. "That is why I say . . . keep the citadel of your heart, Maria. Keep it safe from the whispers of the evil one, from dark suggestions. Throw them out . . . for the whispers will grow into beliefs and the beliefs into acts. If you guard against the first, you cannot be overcome by the second."

THE doorbell rang. Maria jumped to her feet. "It is Mamma."

But a young boy waited on the front porch when she opened the door. His bicycle lay against the steps. "This the Tobler's residence?"

"Yes?"

"Is Christopher Tobler here?"

"Yes."

Maria stood aside as her father came to the door, frowning in perplexity.

"Mr. Dracken sent you this note. He wants you to come right away. He needs a doctor bad."

Papa reached reluctantly for the note the boy held out. He tore open the envelope and scanned the sprawled sentences on the page. He handed it to Maria. He said to the boy, "Tell Mr. Dracken to get another doctor. I cannot come."

"He won't get another doctor," the boy protested. "We've been trying to get him to, but he told my Dad he'd die before he would have anyone but you."

"Tell him," said Chris Tobler, "that I will not come. He will consent to another doctor, goodnight." He closed the door.

Maria's eyes dropped to the page she was holding. "Dear Doctor Tobler: Please come. There is something I must tell you. Please come. Felix Dracken."

She tore the note into little fragments.

Her father watched her. Suddenly he opened the door. He called to the boy, who was half way down the street, "Come back."

"Papa!" Maria cried. "You won't go to him . . . . Don't go."

"What is the address?" he asked the returning boy. When he had been told, he nodded. "I will be there in a little while."

"But, Papa . . . you cannot practice medicine here."

"I know." He hurried toward the stairs. "But I can visit a man and talk to him and perhaps call a doctor for him if he has need of one."

Maria turned towards the stairs. "Then I will go with you. You shall not go alone to his house. I will not let him trick you into some new evil."

Felix Dracken's apartment was the basement of a very old house. It was reached by an outside stairway that led to the cluttered bed-kitchen-living room. Felix Dracken lay, breathing heavily, in a rumpled heap of bedclothes on a couch.

Maria started when she saw the man. He was only a shadow of what he had been. The only familiar thing about him was the continual rubbing motion of his dry, curled hands.

Papa took his pulse and laid his ear against Felix Dracken's chest. "Not even a stethescope did I bring."

After a time Papa sat straight, asked questions. He chewed his lower lip for a time, his eyes narrowed in thought. "I think tonight it is mostly nervousness. You are afraid, Felix."

Felix Dracken cried out. He struggled to sit up. "What is it you plan to do, Christopher Tobler? To go to the men? Are you going to tell them about me?"

MARIA turned away from the sight of his thin hand clawing at her father's lapels.

"Please . . . please don't!" he stammered. "I have nothing but my job. Nothing. I have suffered always for what I did to you, Chris Tobler. But it was not for myself I did it. It was for them . . . for Mathilda and Carol. I did everything for them. I thought that it would all be over soon and then I meant to tell the truth . . . I meant to tell the truth when the danger was over . . . you believe that?"

"Yes," said Chris Tobler, "I believe that."

Felix began to weep, a dry, dreadful sound. "I thought, if I took their part for a little while, we should all come through without harm."

Papa said gently, "It is all over now, Felix. It is over. They were bad times for us all. Many of us did things we would never have done in times of peace . . . ."

Felix Dracken turned away. "No," he whispered, "many did not. I saw them standing fast . . . fast to all they believed. All but those like myself . . . who were afraid."

There was a great silence in the little room. Maria bent to pick up fallen clothes. She folded them neatly and put them on the table.

"In the end," Felix Dracken said suddenly and clearly, "they were killed. You knew that."

"Who was killed?" Papa asked. Maria drew closer.

"Mathilda and Carol . . . in the

last great raid . . . the last bombing of all." Felix sat up. "All that I had given up . . . all that I did that was terrible to do . . . was in vain. In a moment they were taken from me."

Maria met her father's eyes. They exchanged a long glance of understanding and compassion.

"I will call a doctor for you" said Chris Tobler. "In a few days you will be all right. I think it was worry of what I would do that brought your sickness. I shall do nothing, Felix Dracken. *Nothing.*"

Maria and her father walked home. It was good to walk slowly, taking deep breaths of the sweet, chill air, to listen to the sounds of the night, cars hurrying past, a baby crying in a house they passed by, a party being ended at the doorway of another. They came at last to the corner where the drugstore stood.

Maria started and pulled at her father's arm. "He is still there . . . Timothy Allred. Is something wrong with his father do you suppose?" She knocked on the door.

Timothy Allred opened it and stood back in surprise. "Maria? I was just thinking of you."

"Your father?" Maria asked. "Is he well? Is something wrong?"

"Come in, I'll make you a malt. There's not a thing in the world wrong. In fact, the world never looked better."

Papa gently disengaged his arm. "Is late for talk for me, besides I must make a telephone call. But for Maria, there is plenty of time."

"Papa!" She drew close to him in confusion.

Timothy gently held her back. "You heard what he said. We can't have any disobedient children around here. Come on in, I want to ask your advice."

CHRIS Tobler chuckled. "The words have a warm, familiar ring," he said, "as if I might have spoken them myself, once, a long time ago." The two men exchanged glances of friendly understanding.

Timothy Allred led Maria to the fountain. "Now you sit here, like a queen, and I'll fix you the fanciest malt you ever tasted. You like ice cream, Maria?"

She blushed. "You know I do. Too well, perhaps."

He considered her. "No. I would say you liked it just exactly enough." He placed the glass before her, made one for himself, and came around to sit beside her. "You like this drugstore, Marie?"

She took a spoonful of the malt. "Very much."

"I'll bet if it were your store you'd make things hum."

She nodded vigorously.

He leaned on his elbow and studied her. "I'll bet you'd think it a fine idea to build more stores on either side, a food market for instance, and a cleaning shop, a barber shop and a beauty salon."

Maria put down her spoon. "Are you going to do all those things, Timothy?"

He took her hand. "I thought I'd start planting my forty acres."

"Your father will be so happy," she paused, "but what about Miss Ballantine . . . she has plans also?"

He pushed the hair back from his forehead. "Maria, Lisa and I haven't been in love with each other for

months and months. We have both been in love with a handsome, dashing corporation lawyer . . . who didn't exist." He took a deep drink of his malt. "Would I sound fickle if I said I'd been falling in love hour by hour, day by day, with a beautiful, mysterious, dazzling stranger?"

"Oh, you . . . ."

Suddenly, the laughter was fled from his eyes and a curious humbleness took its place. "It is true, Maria. I think I loved you from the moment you came here . . . but I didn't know until tonight."

Maria closed her eyes. What a beautiful world it was, splashed with stars, garlanded with flowers, shot through with splendor. She sat very still.

"You might at least tell me what you think . . . if you hate me . . . or something like that."

Maria opened her eyes and looked into his. The room rocked gently around her. "There never was such love as I feel for you, Timothy . . . like stars bursting all around me."

"It is like that with me," said Timothy, "or like a passport to heaven."

Maria sipped her malt. Because Timothy had made it, it was like ambrosia and nectar. She marveled at the gladness within her and the lightness of her being . . . as if chains had broken and she was free.

Provident

Lael W. Hill

You saved from summer wealth your hands could hold;
From gardens, while the sun bloomed heaven-warm,
You gathered treasure—alms for days of cold,
That none need hunger through the months of storm.

Amber and jade in jars of corn and peas,
Garnet and amethyst of cherries, plums,
Gold coined from apricots and peaches—these
You would find invaluable ". . . when winter comes."

And I? I gathered wind from grief-dark pines,
The scent of yellow roses fresh from rain,
Blue twilight hours bird-called from secret vines
. . . No empty heart shall ask of me in vain.

And these are good: your labor season long—
Mine, that preserved all summer in a song.

"Gramaw"

Kathryn Forbes Clyde

I was always glad when I came skipping home from school and saw Gramaw sitting in the low chair rocking back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes Gramaw started rocking by the window and rocked way over to the machine, and then she would pick up her chair and start all over again. Gramaw always made me feel all warm inside, just like a little light was turned on.

On Saturdays when I went to visit Gramaw she would say, "Eh, an 'eres my gurrl," just like I was special.

Pa had a joke with Gramaw about putting "atches" where there weren't any and leaving them off when she ought to have said them. He would say, "Well, Gramaw dear, will you 'ave an 'erring or a hegg today?"

Once I asked my father what made Gramaw talk so funny, and he said, "Hush, child, she'll hear you."

Whenever Gramaw came to visit, we always had something very good for supper. Ma would go outside to the cellar under the granary and take me with her to help carry the things. I liked to go into the cool, dark places, which smelled of whitewash and apples and carrots and potatoes.

Ma kept the milk in a little cupboard with screen wire all around it, to keep out the bugs, and on the days when Gramaw came, she would take a pitcher and a big spoon down cellar and skim off the thick cream for our strawberries. Other days, when we didn't have company, she would pour the cream in a big crock jar for churning.

Once when I was only six, I caught the scarlet fever from Jimmie. The Marshal came and nailed a yellow sign up on our front porch and he told Ma that nobody could come in or go out of our house for three whole weeks because we were quarantined in. When people would come past our place, they would walk out in the street until they passed by. Ma said it was because they were afraid they would catch it. But Gramaw, she wasn't frightened, no sir, she just got herself quarantined in with us, so she could tell me stories and play games.

When all the scales had dropped off me, Ma washed my hair and gave me a bath in the tin tub, and then Gramaw and I had to go sit under the apple tree all afternoon while Ma stuffed up all the doors and windows and fumigated the whole house. The only thing I didn't like was that Ma had to burn my best doll. Scarlet fever was fun, though, and I told Ma I wished I could have it all over again, so Gramaw would come and stay with us.

Whenever Gramaw had supper at our place, it meant we would have thick, juicy pieces of ham, and buttermilk biscuits so light that Pa said we'd have to close all the doors and windows or they would float right outside. Then there were good milk gravy and new potatoes and green peas, fresh out of our garden. Ma

would scold Gramaw because she just "pecked at her food like a little bird," but Gramaw always said, "I've enough, and you've enough, and very good it's been."

After supper I hated to hear the Seth Thomas clock make the little buzzing noise that meant it was getting ready to strike, for when that happened, Gramaw would reach for the little black lace bonnet, with strings that tied under her chin. She would kiss everybody goodbye but me, because Ma always let me walk clear down to Plummer's corner with her. There Gramaw would feel in her big pocket and say, "'Ere child, 'ave a peppermint." Then she would kiss me and tell me to run back home, but I couldn't run because my feet felt heavy like flatirons at leaving Gramaw.

We Don't Do It All Ourselves

Margaret Allen

FRED Ellis has a wonderful velvet lawn. I stopped to admire it one day as he was out watering, telling him I thought it was a major triumph.

Came his modest reply, "All you have to do is to make the conditions right, and it'll grow."

Men like to put in that little joker—"All you have to do . . . ." But I realized that Fred had implied a profound truth—we don't do it all ourselves. We just make the conditions right, the properly prepared soil, the food, the water, and cultivation, freedom from weeds and pests. Then the wonderful laws of nature, the divine assembly line, the miracle of growth, take over. Our part is necessary and often difficult, but we don't write the whole book, we only collaborate.

Most parents know that this also applies to human nature. Making the conditions right is never easy, maybe because normal people have wills of their own—which lawn grass hasn't. But even with wills of their own, normal people usually respond to the right conditions. Love, first of all, and opportunity for disciplined self-expression, provision for basic material needs, human fellowship—an understanding of the meaning of life, a reason for being, an ideal to work toward, the assurance of God's love. These are some of the conditions a parent can provide for a child, but beyond this, other forces take over.

Sometimes other people help—a good friend, a teacher, or a scout leader, or the girl or boy your child falls in love with as he grows older. Sometimes an absorbing interest helps—stamp collecting, working for badges or rewards, or even athletics can be a means of personal development. These supplement the conditions we provide, but beyond these, the wonderful laws of human and spiritual growth take over, bringing to fruition, at last, the budding personality of which we sometimes despaired.

So with children, as with gardens, all we are allowed to do is to make the conditions right—a humbling fact—but how encouraging to know that we don't need to do it all ourselves, that our Eternal Father will help.

When You Reach Bottom

Evelyn Dorio

IT always happens suddenly. One minute your world is beautiful and the next . . . a black mood of depression begins to envelop you. What has gone wrong? It is the very same world of a moment ago, yet here you are.

We have often been told to *fight* depression. To me there is a better way. At the beginning of this gloomy mood, I decide that it must be necessary for me to have it, at least temporarily. There is something I must learn from it. Instead of fighting it, I go with it—nothing will happen to me—down, down to the very bottom. I feel as though I were descending into a dark whirlpool, helpless, hopeless, and alone. When I reach bottom I find a thought. It is always the same thought: *Now I am one with all suffering humanity*. It is my soul speaking.

Perhaps I had grown too self-centered, too complacent, and needed this momentary darkness to bring me back. Now, in my heart, there is tolerance and healing kindness toward others. The woman who was impatient with me yesterday—perhaps she was at the bottom of her whirlpool at that moment. The man who was unkind—perhaps he was there. Whom can I blame or be angry with, when I know how difficult this moment is?

When the thought is absorbed, I begin to rise from the whirlpool, up and up, to the top. There the sun is still bright, and the air is fragrant, and the voices of people are reassuring. My world is together again. But I am more firmly tied to it, for, from the depths, I have brought with me a little love. And I am grateful for that moment of despair.

Perhaps we must touch bottom occasionally in order to acquire momentum to rise to the top.

Spendthrift Artistry

Renie H. Littlewood

She wields her brushes with a fine disdain
For timid souls who dare not share her zest;
Her strokes transform a monochrome terrain
To forms of splendor, brilliantly expressed.
Each scarlet splash reflects her festive mood
With gay abandon, spendthrift artistry,
No thought of coming gloom must now intrude
Upon this transient burst of revelry.

Too brief the burnished interlude, too soon
The swiftly falling twilight steals the day;
In scattered heaps her empty tubes are strewn,
And all her canvased glory piled away.
Yet ever there shall live within the heart
The vagrant sorcery of autumn's art.

Collect and Classify Items of Interest

Thalia Black

KEEP a large box handy, containing a loose-leaf notebook, art paper, type paper, and lined paper, scissors, paste, and a pencil or pen, and carbon paper.

In different sections of the loose leaf notebook collect pictures, poems, stories, jokes, games. Use only one side of each page, so that when a picture or article is used something else of interest will not be destroyed.

A scrapbook of this kind is invaluable as a reference for visual aids in lesson giving, for helping children find suitable talks, and poems and pictures for Sunday School, Primary, and school, for helping with parties, and for the joy it brings to collect and save the best from each day's activities.

Recipe for Homemade Soap

Eva Carter

Place in a large enamel vessel:

11	c. fat, heated till warm, and strained	½	c. borax
5	c. cold water	½	c. sugar
1	can of lye	4	tsp. oil of sassafras
½	c. ammonia		

Boil sugar in one cup water and add to rest of water.

Mix lye, borax, and ammonia, stir (while adding the water) until cool and creamy. Because the fumes may be injurious, the mixture should be stirred outdoors.

Add this mixture to the warm melted fat, stirring constantly until it begins to thicken. Add oil of sassafras, and pour into enamel pan to cool. Cut into bars.

To a Cat, Being Put Out

Lizabeth Wall

Be glad to be abroad, small furry friend;
The spangled world is magic to explore,
The darkened alley reaches without end;
The silent roadway is a foreign shore.

Tonight is not a night for housebound souls.
Behind the neighbors' porches there are new
And hitherto-unguessed-at cubbyholes
For you to poke your questing nose into.

Go run like wind across the greening lawn,
Go chase elusive balls of shadow-silk,
And with a bib of yellow stardust on,
Drink moonlight from your cup instead of milk.

Kitchens for Living

Celia Luce

MOST present-day kitchens are too small for gracious living. True, they have some advantages over grandma's huge, inconvenient kitchen, but they have lost the advantages of grandma's kitchen. The trend today, however, is toward a larger kitchen with a compact food preparing area and plenty of space for other activities. This combines the best of the new and the old.

A large kitchen area can be more convenient than a small one. It has room for traffic lanes away from the work areas, which is more important than most home planners realize. The further traffic is from the cooking and dishwashing areas, the more the homemaker can relax at her work.

A large kitchen has room for plenty of large windows. There would be no need to decide whether to put the sink or the breakfast table under the window. There would be windows for both.

In many families it is the custom for everyone to join in doing the dishes after a family dinner. A kitchen large enough to accommodate a group is an appreciated luxury.

A large kitchen can accommodate more than the cooking and dishwashing. There is room for the family to enter without being underfoot. There is room for the baby's play pen and for Susie to spread out her blocks. There is room for a large blackboard where the small fry can draw pictures and mother can see them immediately. No picture is satisfactory unless mother has seen it and given her approval.

Many new homes have playrooms planned as part of the kitchen. When children are tiny this keeps them happily close to mother, yet out of the way. As they grow older the space may be used to suit the changing needs of the family.

When Mother starts supper, the family members, home from the day's activities, are drawn to the kitchen. Tommy wants to tell about the home run he made at recess. Mary *must* tell Mother about Norma's new dress. Tiny Susie is tired out and needs the assurance of being close to Mother. Father wanders in to join in the conversation and peek into the kettles.

If the kitchen is one of these tiny affairs made just for cooking, the result is bedlam. Every time Mother moves from cupboard to stove she must run an obstacle course. Susie is in front of the refrigerator and Mary in front of the sink, while father moves here and there trying to keep out of the way. By the time supper is ready, nerves are badly frayed. A little extra space changes the whole picture into one of happy contentment.

EATING in the kitchen is coming into its own again. With the stress on small, easily kept homes, people are discovering that the friendly kitchen atmosphere brings a happy relaxation to meals. Mother

can join the conversation better when she is not continually dashing out of the room to wait on table, and is a mere step away from the stove and the refrigerator for second helpings and dessert.

If you are planing on family meals in the kitchen, allow space for a table and chairs where the famliy can sit comfortably. Room for a kitchen table pays other dividends, too. The table is a handy place for homework, away from the distracting evening sounds of the radio, television, and family talk in the living room. It's a good place for the crowd to gather and settle the problems of the whole world while the fudge cooks or the popcorn pops.

Being relatively easy to clean, the kitchen provides a good place for working on hobbies. A hobby space in the basement is better, but if you have no basement or special hobby room, a corner of the kitchen does very well. It is especially good for Mother since she can work at many of her interests and watch the roast at the same time.

The kitchen is a good place to spread out sewing. Scraps and threads can be easily swept up, and the kitchen table may double as a cutting table and to hold the portable sewing machine.

A utility room is often planned as part of the kitchen or adjoining it. With automatic washing and drying there is no water spilled on the floor, and the kitchen becomes a better place for the laundry than the basement.

Consider the problem of the farmer's wife who thought she had planned a perfect farm kitchen. Every space was well used, with no lost steps. Then the deep freeze unit was invented. On the farm it is one of her most used appliances, but the only place she could find to put it was on the south side of an open screen porch. Her planning had not taken into account any needed expansion. One final great advantage of the larger kitchen is that it leaves room for the inventions of the future.

New Serial "Contentment Is a Lovely Thing" to Begin in October

"CONTENTMENT Is a Lovely Thing," a new serial by Dorothy Spande Romney, Stockton, California, will begin in the October issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The story recounts the problems of a young couple living on a farm and their devotion to country life in spite of the opposition of the husband's father, a famous surgeon, and his wife, who believe that their son should have been a surgeon also. The author was born in Logan, Utah, and attended Utah State Agricultural College. She is the widow of Elmer Romney and the mother of a ten-year-old son. Her stories and plays have appeared in many juvenile publications.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mary E. Warnick

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK SEVENTH WARD HONORS FOREIGN-BORN WOMEN, November 1, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Lupe Burciaga, Spanish-American; Dolores Johnson, Brazilian; Helena Faria Paes, Brazilian; Grace Charleston, Lamanite.

Back row, seated, left to right: Bertha Loeffler, German; Martha Leonhardt, German; Marie Reimchussel, German; Helen Schmul, German; Mary Kawakami, Japanese; Susi Waki, Japanese.

This picture was taken just before the annual Relief Society conference. The theme of the meeting was "Relief Society, a World-Wide Sisterhood." President Mary E. Warnick reports the happy occasion: "We are proud to have ten foreign-born members residing in our ward. Each sister bore a short testimony, making our conference a wonderful experience."

Alice W. Carlisle is former president of Alpine Stake Relief Society, and Edna S. Walker is the new president.

Photograph submitted by Merle Nelson

BEAVER STAKE (UTAH), BEAVER FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD, 1953-4

Front row, seated, left to right: Jane Gale; Marie Willisen; Alice White; Counselor Hester Harris; President Larue Briggs; Counselor Maud Lewis; Emma Baldwin; Nettie Stoney.

Second row, seated, left to right: Amelia Dean; Rose Bradshaw; Ruth Muir; Ruth Paice; Naomi Baker; Zelma Muir; Edythe Harris; Annie Bradshaw; Hilma Sly.

Third row, standing, left to right: Margery Mackerell; Theda Gale; Mary Robinson; Louise Willden; Veda DeMai; Irene Green; Josie Puffer; Stella Merchant, organist; Ida Riley.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Merle Nelson; Emma Limb; Mary Miller; Zona Meyers; Martha Paice; Lydia Smith; Leola Limb, Secretary.

Bernice Thompson is president of Beaver Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mary L. Henrie

DESERET STAKE (UTAH), OASIS WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FIVE AND ONE HALF YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Helen Skeem; Ethel Skeem; Rose Nichols; Lillian Roundy, President; Alverta Stanworth; Hilda Gillen; Inga Peterson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Erma Skeem; LaVean Gillen; Fontella Skeem; Hilda Gillen; Lellie Memmott; Eva Cahoon; Clair Peterson; Jennie Styler; Stella Hawley; Ruby Skeem; LaVeda Bishop.

Mary L. Henrie is president of Deseret Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lona C. Hepworth

RAFT RIVER STAKE, MALTA (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE AND A HALF YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right, beginning second from the left: Velda Barrett, Secretary, Raft River Stake Relief Society; Thera Harper, Second Counselor; Myrtle Miller, First Counselor; Lona C. Hepworth, President; Mary Elison (center), Malta Ward visiting teacher message leader and district supervisor; Lois Elison, President, Malta Ward Relief Society; Ann Nye, Second Counselor; Josephine Neddo, Secretary.

The members of this stake Relief Society presidency are regular visiting teachers of Malta Ward. President Lona C. Hepworth reports: "We live in a widely scattered community and travel long distances to do our teaching."

Photograph submitted by Pearl O. Clement

RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) PRESENTS "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" AT UNION MEETING, January 24, 1954

Pearl O. Clement, former President, Richland Stake Relief Society, reports an inspirational presentation of this pageant: "The Voice of the people," by Alberta H. Christensen, was presented at a Priesthood and Relief Society Union meeting . . . . There were five hundred people present . . . . It was so successful that we were asked to present it again at the stake youth conference at the Sunday evening sessions of our regular stake conference, at which time we were privileged to have in attendance Elder Marion D. Hanks and Elder Walter Stover. We were very highly complimented by these visiting brethren . . . . We were very proud of the Singing Mothers and choral readers . . . . We had prayed earnestly that we might be able to recapture the spirit of this wonderful pro-

duction, as we had received it at the Relief Society conference . . . . We feel that the Lord certainly did answer our prayers, because the hearts of the people were full as they left the chapel after each presentation. It is a wonderful Church to belong to. It gives us so much room in which to grow and develop . . . . Our stake chorister is Anita McCartney, and the social science leader is Dorothy Rew. The stake organist is Elaine Smith.

Naomi L. Brimhall is now president of Richland Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Myrtice Kraft

GREAT LAKES MISSION, NORTHERN KENTUCKY BRANCH BAZAAR, April 30, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Lula Leicht, *Magazine* representative and work meeting leader; Kitty Cantaneo, visiting teacher; Lula Harris, visiting teacher.

Second row, standing, left to right: Marcella Roberts, Second Counselor; Betty Day, Secretary; Olinda Chapin, First Counselor; Myrtice Kraft, President.

Sister Kraft reports: "Our Relief Society was organized last November with a membership of five. We now have seventeen enrolled. One member lives in the country and cannot attend meetings, but she sews for us. The visiting teachers call on her regularly and also another member who is bedfast."

Florence H. Richards is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Fern Brockbank

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WHO ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR 1953-54

Front row, left to right, seated, beginning eighth from the left: Vilate Halliday, visiting teacher message leader; First Counselor Sue Andrus; Anna B. Hart, member, general board of Relief Society; Fern Brockbank, President, Palmyra Stake Relief Society; Mary Alice Rosenbaum, Second Counselor; Mayme Johnson, Secretary.

The photograph represents part of the 163 visiting teachers of Palmyra Stake, and also thirty-one visiting teachers who had achieved one hundred per cent attendance at visiting teacher meetings. At this closing social which honored the visiting teachers, there was also an excellent display of handwork from every ward and branch in the stake. Genevieve Poulson, stake work meeting leader, is not in the picture.

Photograph submitted by Gladys R. Winter

SAN FRANCISCO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) ENTERTAINMENT COMMEMORATES RELIEF SOCIETY CULTURE

February 1954

Gladys R. Winter, President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society, reports an interesting and instructive entertainment: "The women of San Francisco Stake are very grateful for the development of the arts that the Relief Society has sponsored since its organization, so the stake board gave a party for the women of the stake to emphasize this culture. Following a program, refreshments were served at small tables that harmonized in color and design with a large, exquisite table that Jacketta M. Quealy of the stake board had decorated with an array of Dresden china that had been brought from Europe many years ago, and which would be impossible to replace now. There were also long tables where handwork was on display, both beautiful articles long kept as heirlooms, and many especially fine articles made by Relief Society members of today."

Photograph submitted by Vera H. Mayhew

BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS

Mildred Gibbs, stake chorister, stands second from the left in the front row; Grace Boyack, organist, stands at the left in the front row; stake organist Grace C. Summerhays stands at the right in the front row.

Vera H. Mayhew is former president of Berkeley Stake Relief Society, and Irene Thorley Ranker is the new president.

Photograph submitted by Emeline W. Marley

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), McCAMMON WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO AND ONE HALF YEARS

Front row, left to right: Velma L. Green, President; Afton Gibbs, Second Counselor; Margaret Bishoff, First Counselor; Gwendolyn Marley, Secretary; Marian Romreill; Emeline W. Marley, President, Portneuf Stake Relief Society; Dorothy Martin; Pearl Harris.

Second row, left to right: LaVene Pilgrim; Zina Orgill; Lizzie Hale; Elizabeth Olsen; Mary Davis; Mary Thornley; Virga Cammack, Second Counselor, Portneuf Stake Relief Society; Esther Bishoff.

Third row, left to right: Inez Romreill; Edna Green; Lula Morris; Grace Lish; Sarah Cammack; Ethel Bowman; Mabel Harris; Bessie Hall.

Fourth row, left to right: Ardella Bullock; Alda Anderson, Secretary, Portneuf Stake Relief Society; Edith Shumway; Helen Harris; Margaret Martin; Beulah Romreill; LaVon Hansen; Etta Mellor.

Some of these teachers travel twenty-five miles over gravel roads to make their visits.

Photograph submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

JUAREZ STAKE (MEXICO), COLONIA DUBLAN SECOND WARD MEXICAN RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS

Front row, standing, left to right: Maria de la Cruz; Teresa Tarin; Eustaquia Ontiveros; Adelina Garcia, Second Counselor; Genoveva Flores; Victoria Aquiliar; Antonia de la Cruz; Natalia Solano; Ruperta Madeiro.

Back row, standing, left to right: Eva Sanchez; Margarita Flores; Amanda Flores; Eva Flores, Secretary-Treasurer; Febe Ontiveros; Ramona Flores, President; Elvira Avena; Elena Ontiveros, First Counselor; Emma Brown; Delfina Ontiveros; Regina Gonzales; Maria Luz Todd.

Other members not present when the picture was taken are: Emilia Duran, Sabina Duran,Leonila Duran, Carmen Flores, Natalia Garcia, Juana Lara, Marcelina Madrid, Guadalupe Macias, Adelina Ontiveros, Fortunata Ontiveros, Josefa Ramirez, and Rinda Robinson.

Gladys K. Wagner is former president of Juarez Stake Relief Society, and Nilus S. Memmott is the new president.

NEW ZEALAND MISSION CONDUCTS HUI TAU (GENERAL CONFERENCE)

Alice W. Ottley, President, New Zealand Mission Relief Society, in reporting various phases of the work in her mission, comments upon activities in connection with the educational program and emphasis given the lesson work at the Hui Tau: "Our Hui Tau is over now, so perhaps this is a good time to report. We are in the third year of the Book of Mormon lessons, except that we are four months behind you, because of the seasons being different. We are taking the home management lessons and think they are very timely . . . . We gave a demonstration at Hui Tau that I think will help to put them over . . . . The lessons on English literature are becoming more popular . . . . These lessons appeal to the younger women more than to the older women. For our social science lessons we are using the "Signs of the Times." Thank you for sending us the lessons and outline. We make copies and staple them together in the *Magazine* before they go out. I believe the sisters are enjoying these lessons very much. Here in the Auckland District, which comprises two branches, we have been holding union meetings once a month . . . with the mission board acting as class leaders. We have been able to help the branch class leaders with visual aids and helps, such as the flannel board, blackboard, pictures, poems, and songs to correlate with the lessons, and these aids have awakened new interest and increased the attendance. When I speak of the mission board, I am happy to tell you that President Ottley and I felt it was a good thing to have some help, so we selected six young women who are very capable and anxious to learn and take responsibility. It is a fine experience for them and a great help to me . . . . We have a president, two counselors, a secre-

tary, a *Magazine* representative, and one aid who helps wherever she is needed. We were very proud of these women at Hui Tau, for they took charge of the Relief Society meeting and demonstrated the home management and social science lessons by interspersing them with songs and choruses from the districts."

Photograph submitted by Mabel H. Pond

BENSON STAKE (UTAH), A MOTHER AND SEVEN DAUGHTERS WHO HAVE ALL SERVED AS RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Elizabeth (Mrs. Walter F. Hogan, South Davis Stake), stake and ward president eleven years; Estelle (Mrs. Walter F. Ririe, Lander, Wyoming), president five years; Sarah (Mrs. A. L. Baer, Providence Ward, Mount Logan Stake), president eight years.

Back row, left to right: Lovell (Mrs. Elmo Steffensen, Boise, Idaho, formerly served in Helena, Montana), president five years; Seneth (Mrs. Asa Thomson, Lewiston Fourth Ward, Benson Stake), president three years; Annie (Mrs. John H. Kemp, North Logan, Cache Stake), president three years; Zethel (Mrs. Boyd H. Ririe, Fifth Ward, East Long Beach Stake, California), president two years.

Insert: Ellen Gilbert Hyer, mother (Mrs. Andrew L. Hyer, Lewiston First Ward, Benson Stake, mother of fourteen children), who served as ward president eight years, counselor in ward Relief Society, seven years, and visiting teacher over twenty years. She died in 1924.

Mabel H. Pond, President, Benson Stake Relief Society, in reporting the outstanding service of this family, pays tribute to them: "Their total combined service in Relief Society represents thirty-seven years as ward presidents; seventeen years as counselor to ward presidents; six years as stake presidents; ninety-six years as visiting teachers; as class leaders, twenty-six years; making a total of 182 years of Relief Society service for this family."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 27—Missions of Other Sons of Mosiah

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapter 21:1-8; chapters 22-28)

For Tuesday, December 7, 1954

Objective: To show the results of exercising faith in one's self, faith in a people, and faith in one's God.

Aaron Preaches in Jerusalem and Middoni

DURING the period of time when Ammon was actively engaged in his missionary work in the lands of Ishmael and Middoni, Aaron, Omner, and Himni had been equally as active in other lands belonging to the Lamanites. When we view the achievements of these missionaries over the short span of fourteen years, we begin to realize what diligent missionaries laboring in the vineyard of God can accomplish.

When these missionaries departed from each other, near the borders of Lamanite territory, each one followed the promptings of the Spirit. Aaron went to the land of Jerusalem. In this land of Jerusalem the Amulonites, descendants of the leader Amulon of the wicked priests of King Noah, the Amalekites, and the Lamanites had united in building the city of Jerusalem.

These Amalekites and Amulonites, Nephite apostates from the Church and kingdom of God, were more wicked towards the Nephites than were the Lamanites. When Aaron first entered Jerusalem it was his misfortune to preach first to the Amalekites in their synagogues. Most of the Amalekites and Amulonites belonged to the order of Nehor. The members believed that God would save all mankind. In Jerusalem, they had built many synagogues in which to worship.

As Aaron was addressing a group of Amalekites in one of these synagogues, one of their number began to contend with him:

> . . . Hast thou seen an angel? Why do not angels appear unto us? Behold are not this people as good as thy people? . . . How knowest thou that we are not a righteous people? (Alma 21:5-6).

". . . Believest thou," asked Aaron, "that the Son of God shall come to redeem mankind from their sins?" (Alma 21:7).

The Amalekite denied any such belief. Then it was that Aaron be-

gan to explain the scriptures to him. He told him of the future appearance of Christ to mankind, of the resurrection of all mankind, and of the impossibility of the redemption of mankind except through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. But Aaron's exposition of these precious truths served only to arouse anger. The people began to mock him. He, therefore, departed from their synagogue and traveled to the village of Ani-Anti.

There, Aaron met Muloki and Ammah and his brethren actively engaged in spreading the gospel. Few people, however, would listen to them.

The group, therefore, determined to go to the land of Middoni to see if the people there would respond more readily to their message. But few believed the words which they taught. The people expressed their bitterness towards the missionaries by casting ". . . Aaron and a certain number of his brethren . . ." (Alma 21:13) into prison. The other missionaries fled to regions roundabout.

After suffering many indignities, much pain from being bound, and much anxiety from lack of food and water, they were delivered by Lamoni and Ammon. They went forth from the prison to preach in all the synagogues of the Amalekites and of the Lamanites where they could gain admittance. It was at this time that success began to crown their efforts. Many accepted the truth, were convinced of their sins, and became fully aware of the incorrectness of the tradition of the Lamanites.

Aaron in the Land of Nephi

After Lamoni and Ammon departed from Middoni for the land of Ishmael, Aaron was directed by the spirit to go to the land of Nephi. In this land of Nephi lived Lamoni's father, who was king over all the Lamanites in the regions roundabout. Under the inspiration of the Lord, Aaron and his brethren went directly to the king. Bowing before him, Aaron said, ". . . Behold, O king, we are the brethren of Ammon, whom thou hast delivered out of prison" (Alma 22:2).

To their surprise, the king welcomed them. He said that he had been ". . . somewhat troubled in mind because of the generosity and the greatness of the words . . ." (Alma 22:3) of Ammon and wanted to hear more of his message.

(We recall the meeting of Ammon and Lamoni and Lamoni's father as given in the former lesson. See Alma 20:8-26.)

In response to the king's request to hear more of the truth, Aaron instructed him further, asking if he believed in God. The king responded favorably, saying:

> . . . I believe that the Great Spirit created all things, and I desire that ye should tell me concerning all these things, and I will believe thy words (Alma 22:11).

Conversion of King and Lamanites

After Aaron had explained the fundamentals of the gospel, the king asked what he might do to merit eternal life. ". . . Behold, said he, I will give up all that I possess, yea, I will forsake my kingdom, that I may receive this great joy" (Alma 22:15). He was told that he must repent of his sins and have faith in the Redeemer of the world. Overpowered by the Spirit as he prayed for a remission of sins, ". . . he was struck as if he were dead" (Alma 22:18).

When the queen was called, she thought Aaron and his brethren were the cause of the king's fall, so she commanded her servants to slay the missionaries, but the servants were afraid. She then told them to call the people to kill Aaron and his brethren. Fearing what might happen, Aaron: ". . . put forth his hand and raised the king from the earth, and said unto him: Stand. And he stood upon his feet, receiving his strength" (Alma 22:22). As a result of this miracle the king ministered unto his household, ". . . insomuch that his whole household were converted unto the Lord" (Alma 22:23).

The king asked Aaron and his brethren to teach the gospel to his people. He sent a proclamation throughout all the land, among all his people, commanding them not to lay their hands on Ammon, Aaron, Omner, or Himni, or any of their brethren in their missionary labors. (See Alma 23:1.) The king was anxious that:

> . . . his people might be convinced concerning the wicked traditions of their fathers, and that they might be convinced that they were all brethren, and that they ought not to murder, nor to plunder, nor to steal, nor to commit adultery, nor to commit any number of wickedness . . . . as many of the Lamanites as believed in their preaching, and were converted unto the Lord, never did fall away (Alma 23:3, 6).

The missionaries now met with great success. Thousands accepted the truth and made their lives correspond with it. Many Lamanites in the lands of Ishmael, Middoni, Shilom, Shemlon, and in the cities of Nephi, Lemuel, and Shimnilon were converted, but only one Amalekite and no Amulonites were converted.

Converted Lamanites Called Anti-Nephi-Lehies

The king and his converted people were desirous of adopting a new name to distinguish them from those who had not received the gospel. They decided to call themselves Anti-Nephi-Lehies. From that time forward they were known by their new name and not as Lamanites.

The Amalekites, Amulonites, and unconverted Lamanites no longer would accept the converted king as their ruler. The king conferred the kingdom upon his son, who was called Anti-Nephi-Lehi. In the meantime, while the unconverted were making preparation for war, the converted king died.

The missionaries and the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi were greatly disturbed over the preparations of war against them. The missionaries held a council with Lamoni and his brother Anti-Nephi-Lehi to determine how they should defend themselves against the Lamanites. The king, deeply grieved over his and his people's sins, resulting from their false traditions, recommended to his people that since it was all they had been able to do to repent sufficiently before God so that he would take away their stains and inasmuch as their swords had become bright, that they should never again stain them with the blood of their brethren. They, therefore, refused to take up arms against the Lamanites. Instead of preparing for war, they buried their swords and all weapons ". . . used for the shedding of man's blood . . ." (Alma 24:17)

deep in the earth. They covenanted with God:

> . . . that rather than shed the blood of their brethren they would give up their own lives; and rather than take away from a brother they would give unto him; and rather than spend their days in idleness they would labor abundantly with their hands (Alma 24:18).

Having accepted the truth, they were steadfast in keeping this covenant and would suffer death rather than commit sin.

Wars With Lamanites

When the Lamanites came against them, well armed and disciplined for battle, the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi prostrated themselves before them. "And thus without meeting any resistance, they did slay a thousand and five of them. . ." (Alma 24:22). When the Lamanites saw the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi would lie down and perish, ". . . they did forbear from slaying them . . ." (Alma 24:24) and repented of that which they had done. Many Lamanites joined with the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi and became faithful members in the Church. They were joined by more people than those who were slain. All who joined were actual descendants of Laman and Lemuel.

The Lamanites were angry at having slain their brethren the Anti-Nephi-Lehies, so they went over into the borders of the land of Zarahemla, and it was then that they destroyed Ammonihah. In the battles those who were slain by the Nephites were nearly all descendants of the priests of Noah, the Amulonites.

The Amulonites had those Lamanites put to death by burning, who, remembering the words of Aaron and his brethren, began to disbelieve the false traditions of their fathers and to become converted

This martyrdom stirred up contention in the wilderness, ". . . and the Lamanites began to hunt the seed of Amulon and his brethren and began to slay them. . ." (Alma 25:8). And thus was the prophecy of Abinadi fulfilled. (See Alma 25:8-12.)

The Missionaries Rejoice

Ammon, Aaron, Omner, and Himni rejoiced exceedingly. Ammon gloried in the Lord. Aaron felt that Ammon was boasting about the achievements and rebuked him. Ammon, however, said:

> . . . I do not boast in my own strength, nor in my own wisdom; but behold, my joy is full, yea, my heart is brim with joy, and I will rejoice in my God (Alma 26:11).

Ammon recalled to his brethren an incident which occurred fourteen years earlier in Zarahemla when they first announced their intentions to labor to convert the Lamanites, as to how they were laughed to scorn. However, because of their faith in their God, they had been successful.

Under the leadership of Ammon, the converted Lamanites were taken from their lands to Zarahemla, where they were given the privilege of settling in the land of Jershon. They were protected by the Nephites against Lamanite invasions so that they would not have to break their covenant with God.

After they were settled in Jershon, the greatest battle was fought since Lehi left Jerusalem. And in the fif-

teenth year of Judges the people mourned for their dead.

Alma concluded chapter twenty-eight:

> And thus we see how great the inequality of man is because of sin and transgression, and the power of the devil, which comes by the cunning plans which he hath devised to ensnare the hearts of men.
>
> And thus we see the great call of diligence of men to labor in the vineyards of the Lord; and thus we see the great reason of sorrow, and also of rejoicing—sorrow because of death and destruction among men, and joy because of the light of Christ unto life (Alma 28:13-14).

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why did these missionaries achieve such signal success?
2. What does faith in our ability under God's direction do, to help us achieve success?
3. How did the converted Lamanites show their allegiance to the truth?
4. How can we, as mothers, help to strengthen missionary work in our Church?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 27—"For Behold, This Life Is the Time for Men to Prepare to Mee God; Yea, Behold the Day of This Life Is the Day for Men to Perform Their Labors" (Alma 34:32).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 7, 1954

Objective: To stress the necessity of working out our salvation here and now, in mortality.

THE more we read and ponder Amulek's instructions, the more we are impressed with the fact that every moment of this life is extremely valuable to us. This earth life is of such great importance that it determines the status of our entire future existence. Though it is a relatively brief period, we shall be judged by the performance we render here. This life is a time of preparation, the plowing and the sowing time. The harvest comes later — eternal life in the presence of our Heavenly Father, if we prove worthy.

In The Pearl of Great Price we read:

> And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them (Abraham 3:25).

From *The Discourses of Brigham Young*:

> It has also been decreed by the Almighty that spirits, upon taking bodies, shall forget all they had known previously, or they could not have a day of trial—could not have an opportunity for proving themselves in darkness and temptation, in unbelief and wickedness, to prove themselves worthy of eternal existence (Chapter IV, Pre-Existence, The Plan of Salvation, 1925 Edition, page 60).

The purpose of this life is to gain knowledge and experience with the body and spirit combined, and, through this experience, to prove our worthiness. The labors of this life cannot be postponed until some

later date. Since preparing to meet God is the assignment for this life, it is only logical to presume that there is no other time in which to do so. Some may suppose that in the life after death there will be sufficient opportunity to rectify errors and deficiencies. But Amulek tells us that this is the time, now, today to repent, ". . . if we do not improve our time while in this life, then cometh the night of darkness wherein there can be no labor performed" (Alma 34:33). We cannot expect to have the same opportunity again. Certainly, it will be to our advantage to perform the necessary labors here and now. Someone has said:

> Oh, how I wish I might right my blunders by living one life for practice and then one more to count.

But were this so, mortality would not be a probationary period as it was intended. "Every day," said President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "should be so lived that we could meet our Maker with safety."

Let us not be misled. This life is the time to repent, to mend our ways, and prepare to meet our God.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Washers and Dryers

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, December 14, 1954

HOME laundering is both an art and a science. It is an art because appreciation and skill are necessary in the buying and upkeep of the family clothing and household textiles. It is a science because much chemistry and mechanics are involved in the process. Laundry is closely related to child care, home management, consumer buying, clothing construction, home furnishings, and personal grooming. The selection of equipment and supplies needed to do the job well is, therefore, an important responsibility of every homemaker.

While the use of a good washer does not of itself guarantee a snowy white wash, it is today considered essential in making such a wash possible. There are on the market many good washers in both the automatic and conventional types, but there is no one "best washer" for all families.

The automatic washer will no doubt be preferred by the homemaker who:

1. Wants to be free to do other things while the laundry process is going on.
2. Does not have a definite laundry room nor space for one.
3. Is seriously disturbed by the muss that accompanies the use of a conventional washer.
4. Is more concerned with saving time

than money. (Automatic washers, in general, are more costly to purchase, install, operate, and service than conventional washers).

5. Has small children who constantly require a change of clothing.

6. Has some physical disability that is aggravated when washing is done the conventional way.

The conventional washer will likely better suit the needs of one who:

1. Has an inadequate hot water supply essential for automatic washers.

2. Is perfectly satisfied with her present washing habits and sees no advantage in changing them.

3. Is more conscious of cost in dollars than in time.

4. Has a conveniently located and arranged laundry room adapted to the use of a conventional washer.

Regardless of the make of washer you choose, the importance of buying one made by a reliable manufacturer and distributed by a local dealer, whose integrity and fair play have been proved, should not be underestimated. The assurance that when and if repairs are needed, the local dealer will be able to take care of them for you, is more important than getting any one certain make.

If you choose a conventional washer, you will have the choice of a spinner or wringer type. The spinner leaves clothes less wrinkled than the wringer. Otherwise, the mechanics are similar. Safety is an important feature to consider when selecting a washer with a power wringer. The release should work at a touch and be within easy reach from any position at the machine.

Washing action in automatic washers is of either the agitator or tumbler type. Both should permit the user to adjust the washing cycle to special needs, such as repeating some steps, skipping or shortening others, and adding only slightly soiled articles during the washing cycle. The agitator type generally is more effective in removing deep soil than the tumbler.

Regardless of the type of washer you use, certain practices are important for good results:

1. Never overload. Clothes should move freely about in the water during each step of the washing process. Studies have proved that soil is removed from clothes best when washer loads are neither too large nor too small.

2. Spot-clean excessively soiled areas, such as shirt collars and cuffs. It is wise not to let clothing become so soiled that it is difficult to restore the normal brightness of color. If water is hard and soap is to be used, a water softening agent is both economical and essential for continued snowy white washes.

4. Use plenty of hot water. Most of the new materials on the market can stand hot water. Rinsing of clothes is also more successful if warm water is used.

Facts one should consider when buying an automatic clothes dryer:

1. What method is used to control lint and moisture so that they will not be bothersome while the dryer is in use?

2. Can temperature and drying time be controlled for articles that would be damaged if left in a high temperature for the full length of the drying cycle?

3. What voltage will be needed? Some dryers operate on 110 voltage, others require 220 volts. The latter produce more heat and cut down the drying time considerably, but require special wiring.

The best source of information concerning the care of equipment is the instruction book which comes with each piece of equipment. It contains suggestions for using it economically, effectively, and safely. Use the instruction book often as a

reference and guide for efficient use and a long period of service.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way has new, improved laundry equipment contributed toward better home life for you and your family?

2. From your experience, what advice would you give a bride regarding the purchase of laundry equipment?

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 43—Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti (1828-1882) (1830-1894)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 748-760; 783-797)

For Tuesday, December 21, 1954

Objective: To understand the nature of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's reaction to Victorianism, and to enjoy the poetic art of the Rossettis.

THE LIVES of Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti largely overlapped and in these three we see some similarity in style and belief, and many differences. Carlyle's torch of social-political reform burned even brighter when he passed it on to Ruskin, his rightful heir. In turn, Ruskin lit anew the torch of art and beauty which, when passed on to Rossetti, flared with greater brilliance than that of any other mid-century Victorian. But in Rossetti's hands the Carlyle-Ruskin torch of social-political reform became burned out. Dante and his circle believed that poetry and art should be natural, warm, beautiful and mysterious — flaming alive with details and joy of simple, everyday living.

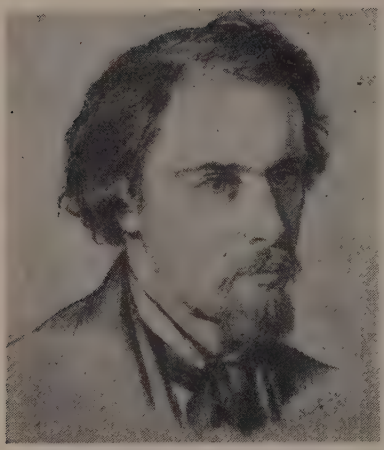
Rossetti, the Italian

Rossetti was an Italian born in England who never subdued his Mediterranean, fiery nature to northern bleakness. He never visited Italy, the home of his parents. Yet his first and life-long love was medieval Italy. Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets, for whom he was named, was so well known and so deeply loved by Rossetti's parents that in their London home he was a "sacred and benign, though mysteriously invisible visitor."

From his early promise of genius (he wrote a drama at the age of four, and did myriad childhood drawings) young Rossetti acknowledged the immortal Dante as the great influence on his imagination.

While an art student in his teens at the Royal Academy, he translated Dante's poetry into English, and also discovered the poetry of Keats, Browning, and Blake, but his love of the medieval temperament and subject-matter still dominated, though it absorbed, all these other literary influences.

Rossetti's father was an Italian whose love of liberty so overpowered all his other loyalties that he left his native land rather than be de-



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
Self-Portrait, 1855

nied his liberty by kings and popes. Yet, strangely enough, though his hatred for Catholicism approached fierceness, his greatest love was the medieval Catholic, Dante.

The Young Art Student

While the boy Dante Rossetti had always known and loved poetry, he considered himself primarily a painter, and studied art at the Royal Academy. "If any man has any poetry in him he should paint it," he once said. Dante himself did precisely this. The poems which he wrote to illustrate paintings are word-pictures. We feel in his poems warm colors, natural, minute detail, sharp, beautiful images, strong symbols, and a unified, melodious tone throughout.

The young painter-poet found much to criticize in contemporary Victorian art and literature. Painters of the day, he felt, worshiped a colorless, dull traditionalism, while poets and painters alike were gloomy, choosing subjects which they were *expected* to treat, and writing in a plodding, artificial manner. It is not surprising, then, to find young Rossetti, with his great talent, keen intellect, and dynamic personality, forming a new society of artists with himself as a nucleus of the group.

Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed in 1849 with three members. Within a year it included seven artists, poets, and sculptors who believed that the only way for English art to save itself was to return to the subjects and techniques of those Italian artists who lived before Raphael (1483-1520) and painted only subjects that appealed to their hearts.

The "P. R. B." strove, with almost religious fervor, to catch in their paintings the deep, sweet truths of everyday reality. No one could be more sincere than they, but their sincerity was artistic rather than religious; sometimes their work was affected and naive. From Keats, they brought a sensuous richness; from Browning they brought an intellectual intensity. It was by combining both these that they made their greatest contribution to English poetry: the use of symbolism.

Rossetti's Poems

In Rossetti's most famous poem, "The Blessed Damozel" (text, pp. 784-786), we find the best illustration of Pre-Raphaelite principles:

> We must protest against the intellectual emptiness of our so-called painters. . . . It is for us to bring dignity and sincerity back to art; for us to strip art of conventionality and go to Nature. . . .

We must be sincere in our invention, truthful in our representation.

The Damozel is not only an earthly woman, she is also the intellectual, spiritualized symbol of woman's divine, mystical beauty, conceived in much the same sense as Dante Alighieri had contemplated his Beatrice. Rossetti's Damozel is dignified and exalted, and described accurately, but in warm detail as a beautiful woman should be. Surely for Rossetti nothing could be more true than "The Blessed Damozel," unless it be the living model from whom the poem was drawn: Elizabeth Siddall, who became his wife.

The texture of the poem is serene and controlled. While the imagery is lovely, even luxurious, it is never allowed to become excessive.

. . . Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven. . . .
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn. . . .
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

Each attribute adds to the total image, and is immediately available to the natural senses, yet none is allowed to run riot.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

For having written this stanza Rossetti became the subject of one of the most vicious literary attacks in the history of English literature. Robert Buchanan, a critic, ill-used him in a piece entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," claiming that Rossetti was obscene and lewd. To most modern readers his damozel is not spiritual only, true enough, but she is, for most, a symbol of beautiful womanhood and feminine love at its best.

The damozel dreams of her ideal lover with whom she asks to be united in heaven before God, even as they were upon earth.

There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now,
Together, I and he.

Truly one of the loveliest of poems, "The Blessed Damozel" eternally symbolizes the blending of earthly and heavenly love. No wonder it has known universal popularity for more than one hundred years.

Rossetti's Other Poems

In "My Sister's Sleep" (text, pp. 786-787) Rossetti caught the mystery of death and the unknown realities of life. Several sonnets from "The House of Life" (pp. 794-797) are excellent: "Silent Noon," "A u t u m n Idleness," and "Lost Days" are skillfully, and exquisitely done. "Autumn Song" (page 794) is another choice selection.

Elizabeth Siddall

In 1850, Rossetti first saw Elizabeth Siddall, this most beautiful of women. "I knew from the moment I met her my destiny was defined," he wrote. Most delicately featured, graceful in walk and body, with flaming red hair, she was the favorite model, not only of Rossetti but of the other P. R. B. artists. Not

long after they met they were engaged, but they were not married until 1860, ten years later, because of lack of money.

Mrs. Rossetti was an invalid; her husband had no illusions as to the sadness in store for him; but, in 1862, when she died, Rossetti was almost crazy with remorse for the pains he believed his Bohemian life had caused her. He insisted on having the manuscript of his unpublished poems placed in her coffin. (These were recovered seven years later.) When Buchanan attacked his poetry, he felt it to be retribution for the neglect of his beautiful wife. Soon he was suffering frequent delusions of persecution, and took to drugs and drink to cloud over his feelings of self-torture, but to no avail, though in these later years he found some pleasure in poetic creation. The year before his death, in 1882, he published two volumes of poetry which gave him some comfort, but he died largely as he had lived in later years, an unhappy man.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

The youngest of the four Rossetti children, Christina worshiped her brother Dante Gabriel, and when her own strong desires for love and earthly happiness were thwarted, she found much comfort in the exciting conversations she had with the literary and artistic personages who came to their home. Her real and lasting solace, however, was in the Anglican church. Her religious lyrics are some of the purest in the language. Throughout her life she was torn between opposing desires for earthly love of man and heavenly love of God. And in much of her poetry her purpose seems to be to conceal, rather than to reveal, her constant, inward struggle.

Christina led a life of self-sacrifice. She refused two offers of marriage because of religious differences. The first of these caused her real grief as some of her poems show. After devoting much of her life to the care of her mother and two elderly aunts, she herself became almost an invalid for the last twenty-five years of her life.

Throughout her secluded life Christina wrote more than 900 English poems and sixty Italian ones. While her impassioned, romantic self constantly found outlet in poems about human love, perhaps her most constant theme is the peace to be found in death. She wrote many religious poems; devoutly she yearned to receive a spiritual visitation, but she never did, and was too honest to attempt to counterfeit what she had actually never possessed.

Christina's Poetry

Although never a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Christina knew and absorbed their ideas; she, in turn, was highly respected by them. Her close-knit poems achieve a simplicity and charm surpassing any written by the members of the Brotherhood:

My life is like a faded leaf,
    My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
    And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
    No bud nor greenness can I see;
Yet rise it shall—the sap of Spring;
    O Jesus, rise in me.

"A Better Resurrection," (page 751).

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER
From a Crayon Drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1877

Herein are no waste strokes. The tone is one; the imagery is direct and clean. Beneath both this stanza and most of her poetry runs a taut suffering not to be expressed directly, an undertone found everywhere save in her delightful nonsense rhymes (see page 759). The following is not in our text:

The Lowest Place

Give me the lowest place: not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.

Here is the strength that blends from devotion, humility, and love, for many the three great virtues, and most rare in humankind. After reading this poem we can well hear her say, as she actually did, "I cannot possibly use the word happy without meaning something beyond this present life."

Christina wrote three types of poetry: whimsical, religious, and eerie. The first two are acknowledged above; her "Goblin Market" exemplifies the latter (see text pp. 753-759). On the surface a fantasy, and containing some playfulness, filled with lush images and great verbal and technical dexterity, this poem has that fresh spontaneity which, according to her brother, William, characterized her entire creative process: according to him she never labored over a line. But, in addition, this poem is sinister and horrible; the goblins are evil and monstrous, despite the loveliness of the fruits which they peddle to innocent youth who would fall into their cunning trap. Fundamen-

tally the poem is a symbolic struggle between Christina's desire for love, and yet her fear of it.

But she also wrote happier poems, works which reveal her maturity and resigned balance in the face of her life's conflicts. Majestic, yet restrained, rich both in inner power and eternal hope is her "Uphill," (page 752) one of her best poems, and on the same high level as almost all her work—so high that some would place her above Mrs. Browning as the greatest of English woman poets. Be that as it may, let us leave her remembering some of her happier work.

She loved nobly and fully throughout her life both man and God. She loved words and beauty and joy as well. Should you doubt these assertions, live with her for a moment in her lovely:

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Note to Class Leaders:

A few of the poems of the Rossettis have been set to music. One might be used as a song or in records.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Discuss Dante Alighieri as an influence on Rossetti.
2. Discuss Rossetti as a poet-painter.
3. Why did Rossetti organize the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood? What did it believe?
4. How did Christina differ from her brother: in her life? in her beliefs? in her poetry?
5. How does the philosophy of these writers compare with our belief concerning life after death?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

Exaltation

Lydia Bennett Egbert

Oh, what could be sweeter
Than one little lass,
Unless it were six in a row?
From God's own selection,
And each is perfection—
They're mine—and I should know.

Schoolboy

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

He tries to read imprisoned words
With eyes still set to gauge
The message left by winging birds
Across the sky's blue page.

He tries to fit the curbing desk,
But still his back recalls
The feel of sun and waves—how good!—
With only sky for walls.

He tries to hold his shuffling feet,
But they rebel from leather
Confining muscles brown and fleet
That cry for summer weather,

For dusty roads and pebbled creeks,
For grassy hills to climb,
And scouting hikes on mountain peaks—
But all he needs is time.

When icy needles sharpen wind
And earth is winter-pearled,
He'll take the path of books and find
A fascinating world.

Each Year I Vow

Bernice T. Clayton

Pale gold is late September's sun,
The wind is edged with chill
And I, like other vagabonds,
Would climb the highest hill
To watch the golden autumn spread
For all the world to view;
I'd snatch enough of beauty now
To last the winter through.

Although my heart's a vagabond
And cries to have its way,
I know I am a farmer's wife
And I must "can" today.
I'll capture autumn's pungent fruits
In jams and jellies, too,
Imprison them in crystal jars
To last the winter through.
And when they're spread on fresh hot bread
Some snowy winter day,
To still my restless heart I'll vow—
"Next year, you'll have your way."

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Anise
An Old-Fashioned Herb for Modern Cookery

Elizabeth Williamson

ANISE belongs to the parsley family. It is a very old herb originating in the Far East. It was mentioned in the Bible, ". . . for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin . . ." (Matthew 23:23). The herb is a pretty annual, with white (often yellow) clusters of tiny flowers, growing two feet high. It should be planted after danger of frost is past.

Use As a Medicine:

The Romans used the seeds of anise as an aid to digestion; the Greeks thought anise cured headaches. During medieval times anise was used as a horse medicine.

Use in Cookery:

In cookery, anise seeds are used in a great many ways. The most well known, of course, is as a flavoring for cookies. (See recipe.) The seeds are used in breads, cakes, stews, soups, cottage cheese, cream, applesauce, and salads. Concentrated oil of anise is used to flavor punch and fruit-juice beverages.

Recipe for Anise Seed Cookies

Mix: ½ c. butter or other shortening and 1 c. sugar.
Add: 4 egg yolks and 1½ c. enriched flour, sifted with 2 tsp. baking powder; ⅓ tsp. salt; 1 tsp. anise seed; 1 tsp. vanilla.

Roll out dough on floured board. Cut in diamond or square shapes, or, if you have a springerle mold, this is the original way in which the cookies were made. Brush with beaten egg yolk and bake at 250° for fifteen minutes.

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